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The People

London Edition

SUNDAY, AUGUST 20, 1939

No. 3016 58th Year

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[Registered at the G.P.O.]
as a Newspaper.

2D.



New Crisis In Far East And Mystery Over Axis Talks

ITALY'S REPORTED "NO" TO HITLER

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES IN LONDON WERE PUZZLED LAST NIGHT BY A MYSTERIOUS REPORT FROM BERLIN THAT THE ITALIAN REPLY TO A VITAL QUESTION PUT BY GERMANY AT THE SALSBURG CONFERENCE HAS BEEN UNFAVOURABLE.

This report, reaching London a few hours after Japan had precipitated a new crisis in the Far East, was from Reuter, and was to the effect that Signor Attolico, the Italian Ambassador in Berlin, saw Herr Hitler at Berchtesgaden yesterday and give him the reply.

The report is not confirmed, but it is pointed out that Signor Attolico is away from Berlin.

This was one of a number of developments which brought Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary, hurrying back to London yesterday from his Yorkshire home.

After preparing material for his statement to members of the Cabinet at a meeting on Tuesday, he arranged to go back to Yorkshire today.

His return to London coincided, among other things, with the new situation in the Far East created by the suspension of the Tokyo talks on Tientsin, and by Japan's official announcement of her intention to blockade by land the British colony of Hong-Kong.

The Japanese military spokesman at Canton, announcing the intention to impose the blockade, stated that the decision had been taken in order to cut off supplies of arms now reaching General Chiang Kai-Shek from the British Colony.

According to the Domei Agency (quoted by Reuter from Tokyo), the spokesman added that the Japanese army in South China felt it imperative to isolate the Colony from the mainland as long as Britain aided the Chinese Government.

JAPANESE APOLOGY

He apologised for the "inconvenience which would be caused to the citizens of Hong Kong," but said Japan's action was inevitable so long as China received British aid.

The spokesman declared that Shatakok, the town on the border of British territory seized by the Japanese on Thursday, had been connected with towns in the Chinese hinterland by a new road along which arms as well as other goods had been pouring into China from Hong Kong.

The Japanese decision to impose the blockade follows the occupation by her forces of the entire border region from Shatakok to Nantau, in the estuary of the Pearl River, behind the British-leased territory of Kowloon.

Further developments in the situation yesterday were:

The suspension, by mutual agreement, of the Anglo-Japanese talks in Tokyo on the Tientsin question;

A hint by Japan that the Tientsin blockade will be strengthened; and

Japan's army leaders urging a military alliance with the Axis Powers.

While the turn in the Far East concerned Britain alone, the European situation, with its Nazi-inspired "war of nerves," continued to dominate diplomatic circles in the capitals.

London and Paris remained calm in face of Germany's new references to "prestige" and national honour. The feeling in the democratic capitals was that all the German show of animosity was part of a great plan of bluff.

With the deadlock between Germany and Poland nearing a climax, and the claims of the Reich extended to embrace not only Danzig but the Polish corridor, Warsaw hastened yesterday to make good deficiencies in her defensive system.

Here, in brief, are yesterday's news, and the reactions of the capitals:

LONDON

Britain calm and unruffled. While the new military agreement between Germany and Slovakia was not unexpected, it is appreciated that Germany can now threaten Poland on a wider front.

But to counter that is the knowledge that the Peace Front is becoming more closely knitted. Although the Anglo-Polish mutual guarantees are complete in themselves, a formal agreement between the two countries will soon be ready for signature.

Anglo-Turkish guarantees will similarly soon be placed on a formal basis; and the last small obstacles to the Anglo-French-Soviet Pact should soon be overcome.

PARIS

Calm prevails. At the same time every possibility has been provided for, and much importance is attached to the credit granted Poland for the purchase of defence requirements.

A semi-official statement sums up the situation in the following words:

"FRANCE AND BRITAIN ARE RESOLVED TO COMBAT EVERY ATTEMPT TO RESORT TO FORCE, NO MATTER WHAT FORM IT MAY TAKE."

Whether the various reports reaching Paris are indications of campaigns of intimidation or of a test of strength, France and Britain remain calm, and resolved to abide by their undertakings.

Nothing on the racehorse track where, of course, they have many more runners, can compare with this.

(See also Page Nineteen.)

ROYAL CHILDREN AT PLAY



Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, children of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, on holiday at St. Margaret's, Kent, find a neighbouring cornfield makes a good playground.

Pope's Peace Moves

I HAVE NOT ABANDONED HOPE YET"

OUTSTANDING AMONG THE NEWS FROM FOREIGN CAPITALS YESTERDAY WAS THE POPE'S DISCLOSURE OF HIS PERSISTENT EFFORTS FOR PEACE IN EUROPE.

"I have not yet abandoned hope," he said, "that the Governments will be sensible of their responsibility to save their peoples from grave disaster as war."

He revealed that since the beginning of his Pontificate he had done everything "with all necessary prudence for the cause of peace with a member of the Secret Police and crossed into Polish territory near Gdynia.

Governments will compare notes and draw up suggestions for the following day.

DANZIG.—Mr. Keith Scott-Watson, the "Daily Herald" correspondent in Danzig, was given eight hours' notice by the German Secret Police to leave the city.

He was accompanied to the frontier by a member of the Secret Police and crossed into Polish territory near Gdynia.

Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, was greeted with cries of "Long live the Duce; we want him here when he arrived by air in Tirana, the Albanian capital.

Count Ciano is to inspect important public works projects and inaugurate a new municipal aqueduct.

MOSCOW.—Despite an official admission of differences between the British and Russian military delegations,

it is realised that both sides mean business and an agreement.

There is to be one conference, instead of two, daily from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. afterwards the British and French offi-

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(See also Page Nineteen.)

(Continued in Page Three.)

Jail Breaker's Wife



Mrs. Thurston charged with aiding her husband to escape from Lewes Jail, took her baby to prison with her when remanded again yesterday. (See story in Page Three.)

Father and Daughter Shot

KILLER HUNT IN MOUNTAINS

A MAN ARMED WITH A GUN WAS BEING HUNTED IN THE MOUNTAINS AROUND THE LITTLE WELSH VILLAGE OF LLANTYSILION LAST NIGHT, FOLLOWING THE KILLING OR A FARMER AND HIS DAUGHTER, WHO WERE SHOT DEAD IN THEIR FARMYARD.

The farmer, Maurice Rowlands, was standing in the yard when he saw a man shooting two dogs. Mr. Rowlands asked what he was doing; a shot rang out, and he fell dead.

His thirty-year-old daughter, Sarah, became hysterical; another shot was heard, and she too fell dying.

Mrs. Rowlands ran along the mountainside for assistance. Farm labourers carried the news to the village, and soon villagers and police were scouring the woodlands and mountains in search of the man, who was still armed when seen leaving the farm.

Up till a late hour last night no trace of him had been found.

The scene of the tragedy is Cefn-coed, Llantysilio, a village in the famous Vale of Llangollen, N. Wales.

BRITISH CAR EXPORTS AND SALES JUMP

A RECORD total of 49,234 British private cars and chassis were exported during the first seven months of this year.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders state that car sales in Britain during June were 17 per cent higher than in June last year.

Production has greatly increased this year, 13,000 more cars being produced during the nine months ended June than in the same period a year ago.

GOT £35,000 AT 70:

£1,418 LEFT AT 78

Eight years ago Miss Amy Hale, of 205 Oakwood Court, W., pianist and composer, was left £35,000 by the Hon. Mary Isabel Portman, the violinist, to whom she was accompanist and friend.

Her own will, published yesterday, revealed that when she died on July 5 last aged seventy-eight, she left only £1,418, with net personality of £1,106.

All her property was left to her friend, Mathilde Caroline Koenen, to whom probate of the will has been granted.

On Other Pages

Big Cash Prizes Page 14
Radio Programmes Page 14
New Darts Contest Page 19

Britain's Air Effort

"Terrific... Unbelievable," Says Expert

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

AMERICA'S WAR-TIME FLYING "ACE," CAPTAIN EDWARD VERNON RICKENBACKER, NOW PRESIDENT OF ONE OF THE GREATEST U.S. AIR LINES, SUMMARISES BRITAIN'S AIR PREPAREDNESS AS: "TERRIFIC AND ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE."

After viewing R.A.F. machines, after talking with technical experts, and after a careful summing-up of world air forces, the man who shot down twenty-six enemy planes during 1917 and 1918 declares that Britain and France will soon be supreme in the air.

Captain Rickenbacker, when I saw him at the Savoy Hotel, yesterday, gave me his considered reasons.

OVERTAKING GERMANY

"Germany had the start in the plane production race," he said, "but BRITAIN AND FRANCE ARE NOW DRAWING LEVEL, AND BEFORE CHRISTMAS THEY WILL BE AHEAD."

"The quality of Britain's R.A.F. planes is extremely high, because your country—and France as well—is able to call on the world markets, which you have under control.

"On the other hand, Germany has to

make do with inferior substitute metals, with a consequent decline in the efficiency of her machines.

"But you have got to hand it to the German engineers. They have done wonders with the resources at their command."

Captain Rickenbacker said that Britain and France have "accomplished a miracle of organisation" during the past year in the expansion of their aircraft production facilities.

"If war came, the victor would be the side able to replace the huge number of planes that would assuredly be brought down in battle," he added.

"The democracies have the advantage there. Germany would soon be faced with a severe shortage of raw materials."

I.R.A. "BOMBS" IN LETTER BOXES

COMBUSTIBLE "BALLOON" BOMBS SIMILAR TO THOSE EMPLOYED BY MEMBERS OF THE I.R.A. IN THE EARLY STAGES OF THEIR CAMPAIGN WERE FOUND LAST NIGHT TO HAVE DAMAGED THE CONTENTS OF THREE LETTER-BOXES IN CENTRAL BIRMINGHAM.

The boxes were situated in Broad-st., Bristol-st., and Edgbaston-st.

The G.P.O. and police were at once notified. The discovery was made by the vanman making his evening collection, and the C.I.D. took charge of the remains of the bombs and the damaged correspondence.

The extent of the damage has not yet been disclosed. Officers of the C.I.D. are still making investigations.

So far, 17 I.R.A. suspects have been deported from Birmingham.

(See also "Irish Who Must Register" in Page Two)

TODAY'S WEATHER

Light or moderate northerly winds; fine, but chance of thunderstorms; warm.

Further outlook: Fair generally, but local thunder.

DEAF can hear

more sounds
more clearly
more naturally
at a greater distance
with this new, lighter and smaller - than - ever Aid!



Prof. A. M. LOW reports: "Its performance FAR SURPASSES anything I have experienced."

Test it Free!

We have helped thousands to hear who had given up all hope. If we can't make you hear, nobody can. We invite you to test the new light-as-a-feather Master-Midget Fortophone or one of our other telephone obligations, either in our Consultation Rooms or in your own home. Have a friend or your doctor with you. You will find our Consultant courteous, helpful, and sympathetic. Hours 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sat. 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Langham House, 308 REGENT ST., Oxford Circus, and Broadcasting House, Take lift to THIRD FLOOR.

Call, phone, write, or

POST THIS COUPON

for FREE HOME TEST!

No obligation to purchase, but

REDUCED PRICES

if you apply within 10 days

Phone: Langham 3773, 3774, 3775

BLOCK LETTERS Please

FREE HOME TEST COUPON

To FORTIPHONE Ltd. (Dept. 128)

Langham House, 308 REGENT St., London, W.1

Please send me Illustrated Catalogue, FREE HOME TEST Offer without obligation to purchase, and Reduced Prices.

Name.....(Mr., Mrs., Miss or title)

Address.....

Engine Telescopes Vans

7 INJURED IN RAIL SMASH

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

THREE BRAKE VANS AND TWO ENGINEER'S VANS WERE INVOLVED IN A DERAILMENT ON THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY AT CHAWTON, NEAR ALTON, HANTS, YESTERDAY, IN WHICH SEVEN MEN WERE INJURED.

The men had been working with a gang of platelayers all night welding chairs on the single-line track serving the Meon Valley, and were waiting in two of the vans to be taken away by an engine that came from Fareham.

As the engine approached, the driver applied his brakes, but the engine ran into the vans, telescoping the first two and derailing them.

NAMES OF INJURED

The injured are: H. Widdett, Alec Heron, J. Jelly, Alec Needham, R. Scott, Charles Reed, and W. Sandy.

The first five are employed by the United Steel Co. of Sheffield, and their homes are at Workington. The other two are employed by the Southern Railway, Reed's home being at Wickham and Sandy's at Fareham.

Widdett, who lives at Lonsdale-st., Workington, is the most seriously injured. He is in Alton Hospital suffering from concussion, a deep cut on the head and injuries to the neck and left hand.

The others had shock and cuts and abrasions. After being attended to by a doctor at Alton station they were allowed to go home.

The line was blocked between Alton and the Meon Valley. Passengers were carried in buses.

INJURED MAN: WOMAN CHARGED

Police called to Farmilow-rd., Leyton, yesterday, found Frederick George Inwood, fifty-three, suffering from throat injuries.

He was taken to Whipps Cross Hospital and detained.

A woman who accompanied police to Leyton Police Station was charged later, and will appear at Stratford Petty Sessions tomorrow.

£10,000 LOAN TO THE NATION

—As An Example

A LIMITED COMPANY THAT WISHES TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS HAS LENT THE GOVERNMENT £10,000 FREE OF INTEREST FOR TWO YEARS.

The gesture is made in the hope that the example might be followed by private individuals and where possible by limited liability companies.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, announcing the loan yesterday, added that the Treasury had "gratefully accepted this public-spirited offer on behalf of the nation."

50-MILE RUN BY GRANDAD OF 75

Seventy-five-year-old Charlie Hart, veteran runner, of Peckham Rye, S.E., yesterday justified his claim to be one of Britain's—and maybe the world's—toughest grandads by running 50 miles non-stop in almost eight hours.

Watched by A.A.A. and N.U.C. officials, he started at 5.10 in the morning on Peckham Rye Common, and continued on a flagged course in the sports ground at Peckham Rye Park.

His ten-years-old granddaughter, Joyce, running by his side, fed him at intervals with sandwiches and cold tea.

ICE MAIDEN



Vera Huba, Czech skating star, poses prettily during her performance in a New York Ice Review.

Eight Women Included

20 IRISH WHO MUST REGISTER

EIGHT WOMEN ARE INCLUDED IN THE FIRST REGISTRATION ORDERS SIGNED BY THE HOME SECRETARY YESTERDAY UNDER THE PREVENTION OF VIOLENCE ACT TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE SUSPECTED OF I.R.A. ACTIVITIES.

Altogether 20 registration orders affecting people living in London and the provinces were signed.

Those affected by the Registration Orders must register particulars of themselves with the police, report any change of address, report to the police periodically, have photographs and fingerprints taken and be measured.

One further expulsion order was also made yesterday.

The total to date amounts to 84 expulsion orders, seven prohibitions and 20 registrations.

A further appeal against an expulsion order is now under consideration.

Here's How To Keep Those Sunny Smiles

WIN £1,250 AND HAPPINESS

MONSTER NEW CROSSWORD PRIZE OFFER

NORTHERN FOLK, THIS WEEK, BAG MOST HONOURS—AND CASH—in "THE PEOPLE'S" GREAT FAIR-FOR-ALL CROSSWORD COMPETITION NO. 164, IN CONNECTION WITH WHICH A MONSTER PRIZE OF £1,250 WAS OFFERED.

There are four of them among the seven winners announced to-day, and they live in Glasgow, Sheffield, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Blackpool.

the confidence that comes with a nice little balance in the bank.

The other winners are at Cootes Hill, Co. Cavan, Walsall and Croxley Green.

Subject to the terms and conditions of the competition, all seven will receive cheques for £178.

So, for them, the holiday season will have no regrets or worries so far as cash is concerned at least.

Whether they have been away, or have still to go, they can face the future with

Today, you, too, can ensure that the future will hold no money cares, for again, we are offering a must-be-won cash prize of £1,250, with an alternative prize of £1,000 and a month's cruise for four people to romantic Algiers.

A week's sunshine has given most of us a longing for more, and where better could one go for it than to the Mediterranean?

Or if you have no desire to travel, what's better than a handsome cheque for preserving sunny smiles?

And, in trying to win either of these magnificent prizes you will be helping

yourself to a lot of happiness in which the whole family can share.

Wherever you may be at home, at the seaside or in the country—you will find "The People's" Crossword an unfailing entertainment.

Even should you just miss the big "plums," you may still win a prize that you can show with pride, for there are unlimited awards for first

and second runners-up.

Page Fourteen contains full details of this splendid one-week competition offer.

CROSSWORD No. 164

In connection with Crossword No. 164, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious answers on one square (see below) were those submitted by:

Mrs. M. Cook, 55, Jas. Nesbit-st., Glasgow.

Mr. W. England, 1, Rushdale-nd., Sheffield.

Mr. C. E. Murphy, Ivydale, Cooteshill, Co. Cavan.

Mrs. E. Nixon, 17, Glenthorn-nd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mrs. M. Rich, "Linwood," Green-lane, Croxley Green.

Miss V. Walker, 267, Church-st., Blackpool.

Mr. W. Ware, 75, The Crescent, Walsall.

Subject to the terms and conditions of the competition, these competitors share the £1,250 first prize, and will each receive a cheque for £178 11s. 6d.

Any other entrant who believes that he or she submitted a square eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than first post Wednesday, August 23, sending £1 scrutiny fee, copy of all squares submitted and postal order number. Envelope to "The People's" Crossword and addressed to the Competition Manager, "The People," 6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the runners-up prizes.

First runners-up.—107 competitors, from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate answer compared with the best square received, will be notified, each lady will receive a chromium-plated cake basket, and each gentleman a box of half-dozen Irish linen handkerchiefs.

Second runners-up.—825 competitors, from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only two less apt and accurate answers compared with the best squares received, will be notified: each lady will receive a chromium-plated cake basket, and each gentleman a box of half-dozen Irish linen handkerchiefs.

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How Hall's Wine actually creates new lasting strength

New strength! How badly you need it. And how eagerly your tired-out body and brain would welcome the bountiful supplies of strength which Hall's Wine pours straight into your bloodstream. Within thirty seconds of your first wineglassful you feel better—stronger. This is only the beginning. For Hall's Wine, though it acts swiftly, builds soundly too.

Your needs are greater now! Who can deny it? These are not normal times. Don't treat yourself as if they were! Conditions with you yourself are different, too. Your system is constantly changing. As you grow older your needs are greater. In the past a good general tonic might have helped you. But now you want some new life-giving force to build you up as well as tone you up. This you will find in Hall's Wine—the one true tonic-builder. Hall's Wine, with its wonderful health elements, enriches your blood. Hall's

Wine, with its precious nutrients, feeds your nerves. It puts back into you all the vitality you have lost.

Let Hall's Wine bring you new strength today
Nay, more. Hall's Wine creates such great new stores of vitality for you that you are more alive, more truly happy and healthy than ever before. Now that you know you can get all this good out of Hall's Wine, don't delay a moment longer. Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine today.

From Wine Merchants at Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle 2/-, smaller size 3/-.
Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London, E.3



Fame May Await You UNKNOWN EYES SPY OUT FILM STARS-TO-BE

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

SPREADING ACROSS LONDON AND SENDING ITS STENTACLES INTO THE PROVINCES, AN EFFICIENT SYSTEM OF ESPIONAGE IS AT WORK IN THIS COUNTRY.

But don't be alarmed. This "spy" business is on behalf of no foreign power. It is all quite jolly, really.

The "spies" are the "talent scouts" of the new Gaumont-British-Gainsborough film combine, searching for new artists.

In little suburban theatres and music-halls these agents of a new Great Power of Filmdom sit nightly on the watch for a potential "star."

They may bring to some dim bed-sitting-room, to which, nightly, returns some tired small-part actress, the intoxicating elixir of fame.

In railway trains, in tea-shops and luncheon-rooms, on the buses, in the tubes—everywhere, these skilled men and women from the Gainsborough studios are working, looking for the Big Names of tomorrow.

"Already we have had a nice little bag," a member of the executive of the new organisation told me yesterday.

GOING FINE

"There's young Anthony Hulme, for instance—a very promising actor. He was 'spotted' playing in repertory on tour."

We gave him a test, and everything is going fine for Anthony now. He has a leading part in our forthcoming film, 'They Came By Night,' in which Will Fyffe is the star."

"Then, one night, a 'scout' went to the London Palladium and sat in the stalls. His attention was caught by a girl understudy, who seemed to him to have 'the goods.'

"She proved to be Eileen Bell. Her tests were entirely satisfactory. Now she's well on the way to a great success in the Crazy Gang's next picture, 'Seven Limits.'

"One of our most important finds has been Phyllis Calvert."

"At a London suburban theatre Phyllis was seen playing in a comedy called 'Punch Without Judy.' The 'scout' who discovered her certainly knew his business.

PHYLLIS CALVERT

"Phyllis is twenty-two, and has lovely auburn hair. She's also in 'They Came By Night,' with a fine part—and Noel Coward has engaged her to play in two of his new productions in the autumn."

Almost everybody connected with the studios, I was told, acts as a talent "spotter."

One young woman has more than justified her claim to the title of a "scout" with an unerring eye for a good thing by picking up a book and realising that it was a first-rate film story.

This is "Dr. Syn." The studio girl read it and said to herself, "I can see George Arliss making a big hit in that part."

She mentioned the matter to her chiefs, and a smash hit picture was the result.

Often, the "scouts" of the Gainsborough army mingle with their play. When they are on holiday in the country or by the seaside they keep their eyes open, and note prospective "winners."

Many an unknown holiday girl has had the thrill of a lifetime by receiving a summons to go along to have a test.

Not always do they justify their promise—but sometimes, as in the cases of the young people I have just mentioned, they blossom out as "stars."

73—DASHED INTO HOUSE OF FLAMES

From Our Own Correspondent

Newport, Saturday.

THREE times Mr. Jeff Rees, a seventy-three-years-old pensioner, dashed through the flames on rescue work in his blazing home in Newport, Mon., to-day.

First he led his granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Grace, and her 12-months-old son to safety as the blazing staircase crashed and crackled above them.

Then, thinking his granddaughter's husband was trapped in the house, he dashed back through choking smoke and 15 ft. flames.

After a rapid search Mr. Rees was satisfied there was no one else there, so again he made his way through the flames to safety.

He had to receive hospital treatment for burns.

Meanwhile it was found that the man for whom he had risked his life had left the house for his work before the fire broke out.

STABBING SCENE IN THE STRAND

THOUSANDS of people in the Strand yesterday watched an exciting chase after a stabbing affray in which a newspaper-seller, James Foreman, thirty-one, of Vauxhall-st., Lambeth, was wounded in the arm and taken to Charing Cross Hospital.

"I saw a young man having an argument with a cripple selling bootlaces near the Savoy Hotel," said an eye-witness. "The newspaper seller took the cripple's part. Suddenly he fell and a man ran away and was chased."

Later a man accompanied officers to Bow-st.

A. W. Helliwell Discovers The— WONDERS OF BLACKPOOL!



FROM ONE WINDOW OF THE LIFT AS IT CLIMBED STEADILY THROUGH HUNDREDS OF FEET OF LATTICE STEELWORK, I GAZED GIDDILY DOWN UPON A STRANGE AND RAPIDLY DWINDLING WORLD.

Toy boats reduced to match box dimensions crept into the beach, three piers flung banjo silhouettes out into the sparkling sea, and along the vast promenade a multitude of ant-like figures heaved and surged, spilling over on to the sands in tens of thousands.

I felt rather ashamed of my conventional felt hat. Everyone else in the lift seemed to be wearing rakish-looking white caps emblazoned with such invitations as "Come up and see me sometime!" or "Hello, Big Boy!"

Also it was plain that most of them had made this hair-raising ride to the top of Blackpool's famous Tower before whereas, to me, it was something bewilderingly new.

Everywhere I went in Lancashire told me I must not miss Blackpool. In Manchester, Liverpool, Preston, Blackburn and right through the Cotton Country everyone I met insisted that my tour would be complete unless I included a week-end by the sea.

You'll see Lancashire at play there, lad," they said.

And, baum, I did!

It is an unforgettable experience. I remember staring in amazement at my first glimpse of New Yorkers swarming over the beaches and pleasure parks of Coney Island.

NON-STOP FUN

I had not seen Blackpool then. I did not realise that within two hundred and fifty miles of London we had a playground for Britain that puts Coney Island in the shade.

The next time I meet a boastful American I am going to lure him to Blackpool in August.

I shall take him along that incredible stretch of promenade between the piers where you are caught up in an irresistible tide of laughing, singing Lancashire lads and lasses parading in tens of thousands; past the noisy hotch-potch of side shows and stalls that sell ice-cream, oysters and Blackpool rock side by side; through the Tower, where for a modest bob you can purchase a millionaire's share of thrills and entertainment; finishing up with a ride on the Giant Dipper, the Octopus, or another of the astonishing contrivances that pack the popular pleasure beach.

After that he will probably think of Connemara as a nice, quiet spot for a restful holiday.

Nowhere in the world is there another resort quite like this vast city of concentrated high-pressure, non-stop entertainment.

From the moment you step from the train or drive beneath one of the gaily-coloured "Welcome" arches that bridge its boundaries, Blackpool pitches you head-first into a mad hell-helter-skelter of fun.

IT'S useless trying to escape. Before the day is out you find yourself thriving on a diet of oysters—no one cares whether there's an "R" in the month at Blackpool—hot dogs and gigantic ice-cream cones, shrugging with the best of them on the Roller Coaster, and adding your autograph to the millions of signatures that decorate the swaying top platform of the Tower 500 ft. above the rooftops.

Millions of holiday-makers flock to Blackpool from all over Britain every summer. It is the nation's largest, noisiest and most hectic playground, but without the weavers and spinners and other working folk of Lancashire there would have been nothing there but the sea, the rolling sand dunes and the scattered cottages of the original little

crossing.

I saw a young man having an argument with a cripple selling bootlaces near the Savoy Hotel," said an eye-witness. "The newspaper seller took the cripple's part. Suddenly he fell and a man ran away and was chased."

Later a man accompanied officers to Bow-st.

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MYSTERY SPIES of MAYFAIR

EMILIO BENEDETTI had become famous enough to be called by his Christian name by everyone of worth knowing in the West End of London.

Fame, indeed! To be a household word, taking rank with celebrated jockeys, boxers and actors, to have reached the stage when Society folk eagerly courted his recognition, was something of which to be proud.

Well, why not? Emilio's Club in the West End of London was easily the most exclusive institution of its kind in Town. Royalty could be seen there; beautiful women whose pictures graced the illustrated papers lunched, dined and danced there and millionaires were a commonplace.

It was a standing joke in the club that one day Emilio would retire to a farm in his native land. But he knew, in his heart of hearts, that such a thing couldn't happen, short of a miracle.

Putting it bluntly, Emilio was bankrupt. This luxuriously equipped club of his had been acquired on credit, and there were thousands of pounds owing.

Hardly a night passed that he did not knit his brows over piles of bills, demands for rent, rates and taxes, wine merchants' accounts and the saints only knew what else.

Enter the Plotters

EMILIO, caught in this tide of Bohemianism, was reluctant to make any drastic move. All his hopes were centred on selling the club as a going concern, after which he would also be gone, leaving his debts behind him.

* * *

Emilio's club had an international reputation. All the notable Italians visiting London came there as a matter of course, and Emilio, with a lively sense of the future, had a special tariff for them.

One afternoon in the autumn of 1936, when tension over Abyssinia was growing, Emilio's attention was attracted by three of his countrymen who came in to lunch.

The club was crowded, and Emilio, for

MAGNESIA IS FOUND TO MAKE THE TEETH NOTICEABLY WHITER

Do you want whiter teeth? Thanks to the discovery of what "Milk of Magnesia" brand antacid does to the acid discolouring of tooth enamel, people with the whitest teeth are making them gleam again.

So get a dentifrice containing sufficient "Milk of Magnesia," and its acid will immediately wash away every stain, including the deep yellow stains from tobacco. You can actually see the teeth whiter by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% "Milk of Magnesia" will do this every time. Be sure of the dentifrice you buy, however; it must contain "Milk of Magnesia."

A great many of people have made this discovery, because dentists have been recommending this new type of dentifrice to their patients. Not only because of its remarkable whitening action, but for acid neutralising properties.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities and carious teeth. Even tartar cannot form when "Milk of Magnesia" keeps the mouth clean.

"Milk of Magnesia" keeps the mouth clean, as on polished surfaces.

However, it's the amazing whitening properties of "Milk of Magnesia" that won such a large portion of the popular vote.

Women are particularly partial to it because it is a true beauty asset.

The words "Milk of Magnesia" referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Obtainable everywhere at 6d., 1/6 a tube. —Advt.

the time being, paid but little attention to them. One was the Italian banker, Francesco Canelli, a member of the club. The other two, evidently his guests, were strangers to Emilio.

The banker called Emilio over.

"We want a quiet talk with you, Emilio," he said in his native tongue.

"Can you take us to your office?"

It was not in Emilio to show surprise at anything. The idea shot into his head that Canelli might have a buyer for his club.

"Differentially, then, did he say:

"If you will follow me, please, we will go upstairs."

"These gentlemen," explained the banker as they sat down, "are from Rome.

It is they who wish to have some conversation with you. Their names do not matter."

One of the strangers took up the threads. "You get many people here," he began, "from the War Office and the Air Ministry?"

"That is so," he said quietly.

"Many of them come here for lunch, and of an evening, maybe, they bring their wives."

He waited, hardly knowing what was coming next.

"We have some work for you to do, Emilio," the stranger continued after a while. "Something that a man of your discretion should be able to accomplish with ease."

He too, paused. Emilio uttered no more than an interrogatory "Yes?"

"We want you to find out, from the people in a position to know who come to this club of yours, what are the English intentions towards Abyssinia."

"I am to be a spy."



The lights of Piccadilly are a cloak* for much sinister activity on the part of foreign spies and (above) a restaurant scene as portrayed in a film.

asked him whether he intended to go into Parliament when he had got that farm, only jokingly, of course—for a start.

Once or twice men from the War Office closed down with a curt "I don't know" when Emilio was trying to pump them. Still, he could always cleverly extract what he wanted from a woman.

Aventi and Zampini occasionally warned him to be careful; not to discuss Mediterranean politics from the Italian angle. He must support England.

There was no mistaking the seriousness of the tone Emilio turned to the banker. "Business is not too good with you, is it, Emilio?" was Canelli's reply to the unspoken question. "Some ready money would not come amiss?"

Emilio wondered how much they knew about his financial affairs.

"The remuneration is what?"

"Two hundred pounds for this little matter and more, possibly, in the future," was the reply.

And cheap at the price, thought Emilio. He could tell them yes or no, it wouldn't matter, so long as the money was forthcoming.

It was simple enough for a clever man like Emilio to pump his members on the subject of Abyssinia. What could be easier than to supervise their lunches personally, to raise the question of what he, an Italian, would do if England went to war with Italy?

Go back to fight? Emilio smilingly declared himself past it. Interned? The generals from the War Office firmly declared their refusal to allow the best men in London to shut down under such circumstances.

All this was but chaff. When lunch was finished and Emilio was helping the generals with their coats, he put the question to them seriously: there was a wife and family in London to consider.

One and all gave him the same answer: no war preparations were being made, none likely to be made, if England seized the Ethiopian Empire. He could still have that farm of his.

Emilio drew his £200 with a clear conscience.

Canelli dropped out of the business altogether. Emilio's future dealings were entirely with the two strangers, who lived a mysterious life in a service flat opposite the Green Park.

It's Easy Money

HARDLY that, my friend. A little diplomatic questioning here and there. We shall leave it all to you and there is no great hurry. But from these men in the War Office and Air Ministry, if you talk to them properly, you can soon discover the truth."

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SECRETS OF THE SILENT WAR

By S. T. FELSTEAD

he knew the Greek King, who had frequently come into the Club, and he did not think his sympathies were pro-British.

"Oh, you're wrong about that," he w's told. "The King has England to thank for regaining his throne, and he will not forget it. And if Greece is in trouble again, Emilio, England must come to her aid."

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Pumping His Patrons

As Emilio's usefulness decreased, so did his knowledge of the pair who employed him.

The elder of the two he knew as Luigi Aventi, the other as Joseph Zampini. They were, on their own admission, secret service agents, with sums of money to spend which seemed to indicate high place in Fascist circles.

Periodically Aventi travelled to Rome and Emilio found himself reckoning on the easy money that came his way.

What was being done with Malta? Did the British Government intend to strengthen the fortifications of Gibraltar? Could he find out whether they would stand before Greece? What was happening with regard to Turkey?

So frequently did Emilio discuss politics with his patrons, however, that it became a subject of comment. People

asked him whether he intended to go into Parliament when he had got that farm, only jokingly, of course—for a start.

Once or twice men from the War Office closed down with a curt "I don't know" when Emilio was trying to pump them. Still, he could always cleverly extract what he wanted from a woman.

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The Game's Over

"SHALL we say £2,000?"

"Possibly," said the other non-committally.

For a long time they argued with each other and eventually Emilio went away, on the understanding that he should return about midnight.

He spent an anxious evening in his club watching for danger. Nothing occurred to alarm him. Shortly after twelve had struck he slipped a light coat over his evening dress and went back to reclaim the despatch-case.

Aventi gave it to him and told him he would hear about the money in the course of the next few days.

Suspicion was fast crystallising into certainty. Emilio was doing a high

broken and Emilio was in a quandary as to what he should do. Aimlessly he walked in the direction of the river, leaned over the Embankment, and with a muttered sigh of relief dropped the plans into the muddy waters of the outgoing tide.

Aventi and Zampini were thus uncovered. Their many unaccountable comings and goings added to the problem. They seemed to have no real business in London.

Six months had passed since Emilio had taken to mixing his profession. He was over a thousand pounds to the good on the espionage, money which he sent to his native land. The farm still stood strong in his mind.

What he hankered for now was something big, to call "bancos" on the game and get out with his winnings.

NIGHT and day, M.I.5, Britain's counter-espionage organisation, is fighting a silent secret war against innumerable foreign agents, desperate, determined men out to gain information, cost what it may. This thrilling series, written from behind the scenes, today reveals how powerful spies, living in luxury in Mayfair, were trapped by M.I.5.

In the cocktail bar in a certain big hotel facing the Bay of Naples you will find in Italy you will find Emilio today, smartly attired in a white coat, serving drinks. The farm still eludes him.

If you come from England and are at all well known, he will inquire how So-and-so is getting on, adding that one of these days he will come back and open another club.

The tactless ones, who have never heard why he really vanished from London, inquire how it is that he should be standing behind a cocktail bar. Emilio merely shrugs his shoulders and murmurs something about domestic difficulties.

NEXT SUNDAY:
THE BEAUTIFUL SPY FROM BERLIN.



Women Break Double Record on Washday!

WOMEN everywhere are now getting their wash finished hours sooner than ever before. And getting record results, too—the brightest, cleanest washes they have ever known. They're saving themselves hard work, saving fuel on every copperhead of clothes they boil.

THIS IS HOW YOU CAN DO IT, TOO: Give whites a 2-minute boil. First damp any extra-dirty places and smooth in a little dry Rinso. Tip the clothes into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds and bring them to the boil, as usual. Then boil them for only 2 minutes, and they'll be snowy.

Coloureds get the Rinso 12-minute soak in a sink filled with hand-hot Rinso suds. That's all they need to be fresh and bright as when you bought them.

Woollens and fine things need only a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds.

It's so quick and easy! Yet Rinso costs only 3d. 6d. or 1/- a packet.

R. S. Hudson Limited, London

HOSPITAL TESTS REVEAL NEW FACTS ABOUT CONSTIPATION

How Your Colon Gets "Furred up" like the inside of a Kettle

WHY MEN AND WOMEN LOSE ENERGY, YOUTHFUL VIGOUR AND FRESHNESS, SUFFER FROM NERVES, DEPRESSION, ACHEs, PAINS

A group of sixteen doctors working for nine months in a famous London clinic have made an important new discovery about the real cause of constipation.

These doctors carried out over 1,400 experiments on men and women volunteer patients. They discovered that in almost every case the cause of constipation is in the colon.

The colon is a large tube below the small intestine—a kind of "waiting room" where the body's waste matter collects until it passes through the feet of bowel. This waste should always be moist and slippery so that it can slide out of the colon and be expelled completely at least once a day.

"Furred Colon"

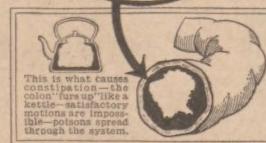
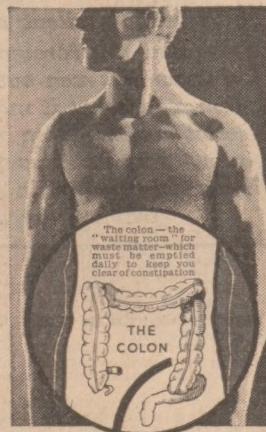
But as you get older the colon begins to lose "lube" and fails to retain sufficient fluid to keep its contents moist and soft. Parts of the collecting waste matter become dry and form crusts on the colon walls so that the colon becomes "furred up" like a water-pipe or kettle.

This stagnant waste matter decays and spreads poisons to every part of the system, like the poisons from a decayed tooth. You have small, disappointing motions. You get aches and twinges in back and limbs. You puff on stairs. You sleep badly. You lose your appetite—get indigestion. You feel constantly tired, flat, fit for nothing.

Dangerous Remedies

When this happens, a great many people try to purgative. But nowadays doctors condemn the "purgative" habit, because most purgatives and chemical laxatives irritate the tender lining of the stomach and bowels and often lead to chronic constipation worse than before.

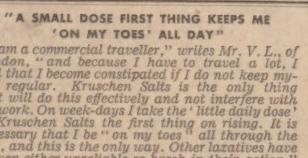
But the group of doctors at this famous London clinic, after making as many as 333 experiments on 149 men and women volunteers, have found the scientific remedy. They have proved that 1.2 grammes of Kruschen Salts (just enough to cover a sixpence) taken first thing every morning in tea or a glass of water retains just the right amount of moistening fluid in the colon to prevent the formation of poison-breeding crusts (furred colon).



"We consider this is one of the most important investigations we have made," the doctors reported, "and that this will do much to help those who have suffered from constipation. You will have seen how easily new energy and vitality. You will awake refreshed in the morning, have real zest for work, and still feel ready for an evening's enjoyment. Your chemist has Kruschen Salts. The 1/9 bottle lasts three months. Good health for a farthing a day! Smaller sizes 1/- and down."

You Can Benefit, Too

Start now taking your "little daily dose" of Kruschen Salts in early morning tea or in a glass of water. You will begin to feel the benefit inside a week. Within a month you will hardly know you're taking it. You will have more new energy and vitality. You will awake refreshed in the morning, have real zest for work, and still feel ready for an evening's enjoyment. Your chemist has Kruschen Salts. The 1/9 bottle lasts three months. Good health for a farthing a day! Smaller sizes 1/- and down."



"I am a commercial traveller," writes Mr. V. L. of London, "and I find that I become constipated if I do not have my self regular. Kruschen Salts is the only thing that will do this effectively and not interfere with my work. On week-days I take the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen Salts the first thing on rising. It is necessary that I be 'on my toes' all through the day, and this is the only way. Other laxatives have proven either unreliable or harsh in their action." —V. L.

MODERN BRITAIN KNOWS LITTLE OF MISS GERTRUDE BACON, AIR HEROINE NO. 1. SHE STARTLED HER MORE CONSERVATIVE SISTERS BY HER EXPLOITS IN THE CLOUDS—EX-PLOITS WHICH GAINED FOR HER THE PROUD TITLE OF BRITAIN'S FIRST AIR-MINDED WOMAN. TODAY A. J. RUSSELL, THE WELL-KNOWN WRITER, DRAWS A VIVID PICTURE OF THE AIR-WOMAN WHO DARED.

LONG before the wonder flights of Jean Batten, Amelia Earhart and Amy Johnson, a daring Englishwoman, happily still living, was making history and shocking her more prudish Edwardian sisters by thrilling achievements in the clouds above Britain.

She was Miss Gertrude Bacon, a Berkshire girl, and daughter of the well-known Victorian aeronaut and scientist. And she proved to the world that in aviation a woman's nerve, courage and natural air-sense were quite equal to that of man.

Her daring was the more remarkable because she was born with a fear of tops of buildings, cliffs and all heights—a fear known in the medical world as aerophobia.

And yet in those pre-war days, when pioneer airmen were meeting death almost daily, she was the first Englishwoman to climb into the heavens and achieve the spectacular exploit of looping the loop.

Making vertical circles in the skies is still an aerial wonder. But then it was regarded as the most spectacular and most daring feat known to man.

Gertrude Bacon had been well prepared. Before the coming of the aeroplane she had accompanied her father in a number of scientific balloon ascents over Britain, and three times she had been lucky to return to earth safe and sound.

To be lost in the clouds without means of safe descent, with no guiding rudder, to be blown across fields and waving tree-tops, cliffs and ravines and through barbed-wire fences, to strike the earth with bumps and then be blown away once more into dangers of sea and sky and raging fire—these were all part of her early aerial experience.

nearest observer of the descent, "raised his tail and brayed long and loud."

In her next ascent Miss Bacon achieved an early height record without intending it. Going up with her father in a balloon piloted by Spencer, famous in pre-flying days, she had a much pleasanter landing near Hertford than in her first climb to cloudland.

The balloon touched ground, a ploughed field, as lightly as a feather, after their trail-rope had caught in an oak-tree.

There was no wind. They decided to go up again, though heavy dew lay on the silk gasbag. Every sandbag was thrown out and still the balloon refused to rise. So their weighty tail, the trailing rope, was cut away and sent back to London by train.

Thus freed, they climbed up through rolling snowy vapours into "fairyland above the clouds." They reached the then record altitude of 15,000 feet, and began to wish they had oxygen cylinders, for breathing became difficult.

At this great height the gas in a balloon expands and escapes, and sup-

drew near again, and it was feared that it would be missed by astronomers because of clouds. So Miss Bacon, her father and Spencer, went up again to take scientific observations. The site chosen for their ascent was Newbury, not far from Miss Bacon's home, where they arrived at midnight, hoping to return to earth at dawn.

The wind, blowing west at some 30 miles an hour, would probably take them to the sea in a couple of hours. So they had to waste no time in the sky. Their basket-car was packed with traps, note-books, rugs, sandwiches, a Davy lamp, and other paraphernalia, including lifeboats, which might be needed if they were swept over the Atlantic.

To the cheers of early-rising motorists and the cheers of early-rising enthusiasts, the balloon went up at 4:30 a.m. Four 70-lb. sandbags had to be discharged to lighten the ballon, sufficient to climb through 1,500 feet of thick mist into a realm of beauty which, says Miss Bacon, "must ever remain the most glorious sight of my life."

"No one—but we three—in all the world," she wrote, "saw that wonderful scene that morning, and I alone today remain to recall it."

She recalls how she and her companions were struck speechless by "the ineffable beauty of that celestial sea." But they saw no signs of the comet, which, it was afterwards discovered, Jupiter had long since displaced from its normal course.

In her twenties Miss Bacon was constantly in the air in balloons. Her first ascent was exciting enough. At the Crystal Palace, where she embarked, there was much to do with swaying ropes, heaving folds of silk in the plumping gasbag, false lifts and crashes, throwing out of sandbags and buffeting in the rough weather.

While Londoners looked up in awe at this country girl sailing over the Thames, she was looking down on the shining river, the busy city with its horse-drawn traffic, and the grey-blue dome of St. Paul's.

Contrasted with the roar of an aeroplane engine and the whirr of the propellers, the silence of a balloon is like that of the tomb. Drifting across London one can hear the sounds of the city. To the woman pioneer of the skies they seemed to be like the drone of a distant dynamo—"the throb of the heart of the world."

Bumping-on

Balloons have no steering gear, and so the balloonist has to seize the best opportunity that presents itself of making a good landing in an open field. If there is a breeze, landing is a complicated task.

Miss Bacon was advised by her pilot to hold the ropes, to bend her knees and to get ready for a bump. As she did so over went the anchor into a corn-field which, unhappily, was parched and dry with the summer heat.

The bump came, the first of a shattering series. For the anchor refused to bite into the sun-baked ground. Swept along by a stiff breeze, the balloon dragged its base and occupants from one corn-stalk to another, scattering the sheaves in all directions.

Jammed together in the bouncing basket-car, the aeronauts strove for breath, all the time fearing disaster.

During the Boer War, Temple's Comet

was the most brilliant comet of the century.

Then up through the clouds there came to them the sound of a ship's siren, accompanied by the clang of hammers in some seaport town. The captain seized the oars and would have tugged open the valve, but Miss Bacon's father restrained him—death by drowning was preferable to being dashed to pieces in a crashing balloon.

Many years afterwards a person

incuriously asked one of the three if their terror was so great that they

saw for a fleeting moment the spire of a church.



More nerve-racking hours followed. The sun dipped from its zenith and then the balloon descended rapidly and then, through swirling mists they again caught sight not of the sea as feared, but of green fields! And now at last, after ten hours aloft, it was safe to rip open their gas-bags. Miss Bacon looked over the side and saw the ground surging towards them at tremendous pace; she noticed too that the spot nearest to them supported a fearsome eight-stranded barbed-wire fence.

"Duck!" yelled Spencer. Too late. Miss Bacon's father had been caught in the leg by the wire and badly torn, while the balloon plunged forward into an oak tree and then on to the prickly gorse-bushes fringing a dangerous ravine.

Below them was death. And, there hardly a mile and a half away, was the sea, lashed by a gale.

The Welshmen who crowded round pulled the three to safety, and next morning all England was talking of their adventures and amazing escape.

Far from cured of her thirst for danger, Miss Bacon tasted a variety of further adventures in many queer places. She made scientific observations on sound at night—at the highest point on Salisbury Plain, on the leads at the top of St. Pancras Hotel.

New Thrill

But it is as a pioneer of the skies that Miss Bacon has earned the reputation of being a daring Englishwoman. When steerable airships began to oust the drifting balloon from favour she was again the first Englishwoman on the scene.

She raced from Cambridge, where she had been attending a meeting of the British Association, to Shrewsbury, where clouds sweeping across the sky and wild gusts of wind opened ill for the first trip in an airship by an Englishwoman.

But Stanley Spencer, in his little engine-fitted dirigible, took the risk rather than disappoint a crowd of 70,000 people gathered to witness the flight. The baby airship started and made straight for the roof of a white tent—and disaster.

The pilot suddenly threw out an enormous sandbag, stopped the propellers, and shifted the rudder. The ship missed disaster by a second. Miss Bacon, left alone to tend the engine, had to watch while her companion climbed out to adjust a rope which had caught an elm as they were starting off.

The sight of the only one who could get the airship home again clinging to a bare pole, 2,000 feet above earth, whence he might fall at any minute, was not encouraging. When he crawled back safely into the framework of the engine control and piloted a dirigible back to earth.

NEXT WEEK: EXPLOITS OF A RED-HAIRED GIRL

Old England

Yet there was compensation for facing these perils. There was the joy of seeing England from above. In these air-minded days many Englishmen and women have looked down on the green meadows and old trees of England, on panoramas of moors and hills, on red-roofed villages clustered round church and green, on noisy shipyards and the smoking chimneys of great cities.

But, says Miss Bacon in her "Memories of Land and Sky," one gets a much better view looking straight down from the basket of a balloon than sideways over an aeroplane's wings; and there is nothing to distract one's gaze. Moreover, in an ascent of ballooning can ever rise the balloonist of the opinion that he is not moving, has never moved, and is merely impersonally watching the earth doing curious and interesting things for his delectation.

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Women Who Dared: By A. J. Russell

porting power is lost. When the fall began they dropped swiftly. To check this they should have thrown out sandbags, but these had all been left in the basket at Hertford.

Once more there was trouble ahead. The desperate situation demanded a desperate remedy, and this was forthcoming from Spencer, who released the lower ropes of the balloon and let the loose fabric, from which much of the gas had now escaped, flap upwards into the centre of the balloon, thus making a natural parachute.

Their headlong descent was checked, but they were still plunging to earth far too rapidly. What lay below that cloud-floor none knew—a house, a spire, a river, a railway, or the open sea.

But good fortune was with them. Presently they saw the green watermeadows of a Northamptonshire marsh in which she and her companions presently landed without scratch or bruise.

Miss Bacon's next balloon voyage ended her with an adventure at least as exciting as anything experienced by these later women fliers who blazed trails in the remote parts of the earth. This time she had a harder fight for life and came nearer than before to losing it.

One of those riotous members of our solar system which, every 30 years or so, dashes about our skies, was Temple's Comet, which sometimes discharged a shower of blazing meteors.

Jammed together in the bouncing basket-car, the aeronauts strove for breath, all the time fearing disaster.

Then up through the clouds there came to them the sound of a ship's siren, accompanied by the clang of hammers in some seaport town. The captain seized the oars and would have tugged open the valve, but Miss Bacon's father restrained him—death by drowning was preferable to being dashed to pieces in a crashing balloon.

The hours dragged as the three sat in a narrow basket-car no larger than a small dining table and longed to step out on the snow-like expanse of clouds and stretch their cramped limbs. They took their breakfast slowly, waiting for the sun to pass the meridian, and the cooling envelope to descend. Some of the sand from the ballast had penetrated their food, so they gritted their teeth in what were literally sand-wiches.

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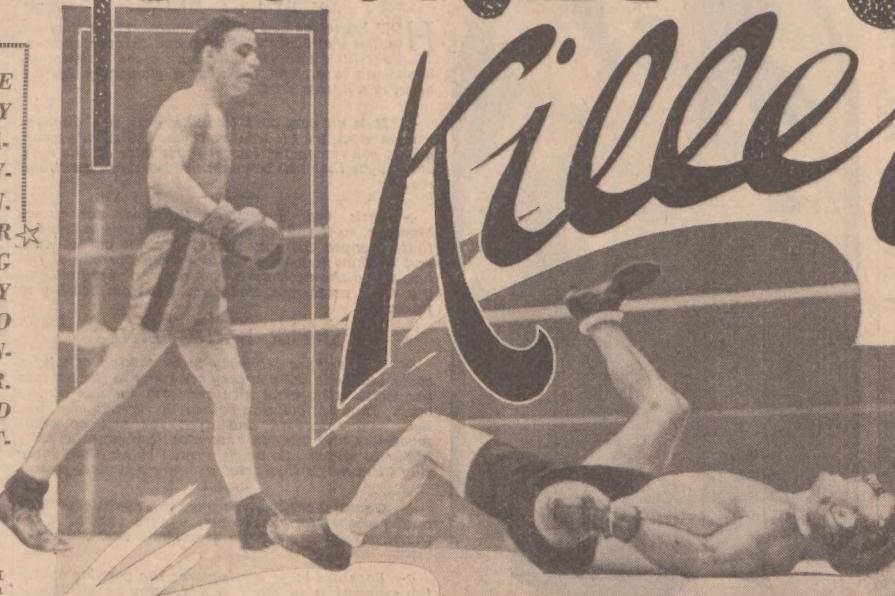
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The

POCKET-SIZE Killer



THE "POCKET-SIZE KILLER" THEY CALLED PAUL SCHAEFER, GERMAN FLYWEIGHT CHAMPION. BUT IT TOOK PETER KANE, THE FIGHTING BLACKSMITH, ONLY 127 SECONDS TO KNOCK OUT THE CONTINENTAL TERROR. PETER HAD STOPPED THE NON-STOP FIGHTING MACHINE.

THAT cauliflower ear for which I yearned as a small boy, when my ambition was to look tough like the other kids who played around our neighbourhood, now decorates the left side of my head. It was an unwelcome Christmas present from Gaston Vandebos, the very little Belgian flyweight champion, whom I fought at the National Sporting Club in December, 1936.

True, I hammered him to a state of helplessness in six rounds, but he left me with a painful memento by which I shall ever be reminded of our meeting. Not until some hours after I had left the ring did I discover it. Walking down Piccadilly with Ted Denvir on our way to supper, I turned up the collar of my overcoat as a protection against the bitter wind. As the material touched my left ear I winced with pain.

"Ouch!" I exclaimed, touching it gingerly. "My ear felt like a balloon!" "Let me see, Peter," said Ted, stopping under a street lamp.

"Phew!" he muttered a moment later. "You've got a lovely ear! Now perhaps you'll believe that he was hitting you."

All through the fight Ted had continually warned me not to take so many of the Belgian's right hand swings, and I had laughed at him. Now the joke was on me!

Vandebos was reckoned a tough proposition. He came to London with the reputation of not having been beaten for three years, but to my surprise I found him an open and easy target for almost every punch I swung. Right from the first bell I was on top. Indeed, it seemed so one-sided a battle that I threw all discretion to the winds and, scorning defence, walked into him, slugging away with both hands.

Looking back upon that fight with the experience that is now mine, I can see that I was too impetuous. In those days it was my most common fault.

Now, if I go to work less wildly, it is not, as some of my critics suggest, because I have lost that old fire, but because I have grown wiser.

But at this time Ted Denvir was for ever urging me to curb my style, to pay a little more attention to defence and a little less to attack.

"You've got a one-track mind, Peter," he would say with a smile. "All you worry about is hitting the other fellow, instead of stopping him hitting you. One of these days you're going to stop a packet!"

WORDS OF CAUTION

Sometimes when he came round to my home in Golborne mother would listen to him giving me this sort of advice as we sat around the kitchen fire.

These were the days when I used to train at the New Inn, round the corner. I have a great affection for the New Inn, which is a really first-class residential hotel where the food is good.

"Don't you listen to Mr. Denvir, Peter?" she would say. "I'm sure he's giving you good advice. It's bad enough to think of you fighting at all, without getting hurt more than you need do."

And I would nod and promise to take more care in future, but the moment the gong sounded and I jumped from my corner I would be caught up in the wild exhilaration of the battle, and there and then I would forget all my vows.

By PETER KANE

Ex-Flyweight Champion of the World

So it was in this fight with Vandebos.

Early in the second round I sent him sprawling face downwards with a fierce right-hander, and as he rose I rushed in, ignoring the vicious, swinging counters with which he met my attack.

To tell you the truth I did not feel them. Rarely in the excitement of a fight am I conscious of being hit, and when I leaned back in my corner at the end of the round and Ted Denvir began whispering words of caution into my ear I grimmed.

"Don't take so many of those right-hand punches, Peter," he said anxiously. "He's a dangerous hitter."

"That's all right," I replied, bubbling over with confidence. "He hasn't laid a glove on me yet."

"Oh, no!" said Ted sarcastically. "It must be my mistake then. I must have been watching two other fellows!"

All through the next round I could hear his voice calling warnings from my corner. "Mind his right, Peter!" and "Cover up, Peter!" he said whenever I was near enough to listen.

But I was too intent upon hammering the rapidly weakening Belgian to pay any heed to him. I was throwing punches at machine-gun speed, hitting him how and when I pleased.

From start to finish I don't think he landed more than two blows, and these only half-hearted, open-gloved slaps, while I kept up a thudding tattoo on his ribs and head.

The German spent most of the round picking himself up from the floor. He was down five times altogether, and each time he found his feet I was on him like a wildcat, eager to end it.

But he would not stay down, and he took counts of five, four, six and seven while he did his jack-in-the-box act.

The German spent most of the round picking himself up from the floor. He was down five times altogether, and each time he found his feet I was on him like a wildcat, eager to end it.

At the count of eight he rose and charged at me like a bull, swinging at me so viciously and with such utter lack of timing that he threw himself clean off his feet.

He was up again in a flash, but now he was as wide open as a barn door, and as he came in I doubled him up like a jack-knife with a hard left to the stomach.

His chin came forward. His gloves were swinging helplessly around the region of his knees. It was a target I could not miss!

Bump! I hooked him neatly on the point, a clean, crisp, short punch that left the issue in no doubt.

Schafer went down on his face, and when they fall that way they generally stay put!

He did! He was still out to the world when they carried him to his corner.

NEXT WEEK: "MOIDER" THAT DIDN'T COME OFF

THE RED LIGHT

I sent him sprawling face downwards again just as the bell signalled the end of the round and waited to help carry him back to his stool before trotting jauntily back to my own corner.

I sat down and smiled up at Ted Denvir. I didn't need any sponges, or water or towels. I might have just finished a three-minutes work out with the punch bag for all the attention I wanted.

Over in Hopp's corner his seconds were working feverishly to get him in some sort of shape to face me again, but I knew that he could not last another round.

He came out to meet me like a man already beaten, eyeing me apprehensively.

Two Minutes With The Great

When Pit-Pony Saved Lauder's Life

IN the little town of Arbroath about 50 years ago, a twelve-year-old mill boy, working half-time for 2s. a week, saw a poster announcing that a touring concert company was offering a prize for the best singer of a sentimental song. He went on the stage and sang.

Though Poor I'm a Gentleman Still! They gave him the prize, a knife, which he sold for threepence.

Nobody knew the shy wail of the factories in those days; but now the whole world acclaims him—Sir Harry Lauder, Scotland's greatest comedian and singer.

Harry Lauder had a long and hard road to travel before fame came to him.

From the mills he went to work in the mines, driving pit ponies, and he remained a miner until he was twenty-three.

"I can get List, the German bantam," he went. "Will you meet him over ten rounds, Peter?"

Anyone else I should have refused,

sively over his gloves, nervously back-pedalling as I stepped in to attack. Half a dozen hooks and jabs to his body brought his gloves down from his chin, and in the split second that his guard dropped I crashed my right on to the point of his unprotected jaw.

He went down as though he had been poleaxed, and he lay like a dead man while he was counted out.

He was still unconscious when his seconds climbed into the ring to lift him to his corner, and many minutes passed before he had recovered sufficiently to make an unsteady exit.

I was in my dressing-room changing when the news reached me that Hopp was so badly hurt that he had been taken to hospital.

* * * * * Paul Schaefer, the pocket-size killer, hits the canvas in his whirlwind fight with Peter Kane.

It was several of his ribs had been fractured, but fortunately, and to my immense relief, he was discharged after an X-ray examination.

Hopp's fellow countryman, Paul Schaefer, the German flyweight champion, whom I fought a couple of months later, gave me even less trouble.

They told me he was a pocket-size "killer," a non-stop fighting machine who had smashed his way through the ranks of his Continental rivals, leaving a trail of horizontal challengers behind him.

In 2 minutes 7 seconds the German "terror" was flat on his face, while I, without so much as a single ruffled hair, was walking back to my corner with another knock-out victory to notch on my record.

I was told that Schaefer could write... he knew about the science of boxing on the back of a sixpence with room to spare, but that he was a dangerous rough-house fighter if he was permitted to set the pace.

SPEED DID IT!

Unfortunately for him he had no opportunity to get into his stride and provide the particular brand of "strafe" he had planned for me.

I moved so fast at the sound of the bell that he was only in the act of stepping from his corner as I swept him back to the ropes under a hall of blows.

Shaken by the suddenness of this attack he staggered uncertainly, and then, as my right caught him square on the chin, he dropped.

He was up at the count of eight and there was a wicked glitter in his tiny eyes as he came at me intent upon violent revenge.

We clashed in a welter of flying gloves and as I hooked him savagely with my left he went down again, his mouth gaping in distress and his legs kicking wildly in mid air.

At the count of eight he rose and charged at me like a bull, swinging at me so viciously and with such utter lack of timing that he threw himself clean off his feet.

He was up again in a flash, but now he was as wide open as a barn door, and as he came in I doubled him up like a jack-knife with a hard left to the stomach.

His chin came forward. His gloves were swinging helplessly around the region of his knees. It was a target I could not miss!

Bump! I hooked him neatly on the point, a clean, crisp, short punch that left the issue in no doubt.

Schafer went down on his face, and when they fall that way they generally stay put!

He did! He was still out to the world when they carried him to his corner.

NEXT WEEK: "MOIDER" THAT DIDN'T COME OFF



Aero milk chocolate

is kind to the teeth

It's not like eating—it's not like drinking—it's a new sensation in the mouth! Aero's new, honeycomb texture is crisp, yielding, easy to bite, melts on the tongue. Doesn't glug around your teeth. And Aero is bigger—you get more for your 2d.



For the Blood, Veins, Arteries & Heart

Elasto
The Wonder Tablet
REGISTERED

Take It—& Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force, overcoming sluggish unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No adjustment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to their healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supply skin tissues clear up leg wounds heal naturally and the cure is lasting. Ulcers vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Everybody is Asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of curing through the blood. Your copy is Free together with a generous Free Sample see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart and so to re-establish normal healthy circulation without which there can be no true health. The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this vigorously circulating oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 weeks of using Elasto." "The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day." "Elasto has quite cured my eczema." "I feel better and feel fitter in my general health." "For seven years my leg had been runny, with various ulcers and cannot describe the state I was in. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of Elasto." "Completely cured my varicose ulcers." "My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis." Etc., Etc.

THESE EXTRACTS ARE TAKEN FROM LETTERS RECEIVED FROM GRATEFUL PEOPLE WHO KNOW THE POWERS OF ELASTO, THE WONDERFUL NEW BIOMEDICAL REMEDY. WE GUARANTEE THE AUTHENTICITY OF EVERY EXTRACT QUOTED.

Here's Good News, You Can Test Elasto Free! Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—and SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES. THIS OFFER IS TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED.

ELASTO (Dept. 126), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO *

ELASTO (Dept. 126), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.
Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood.
(P.No.30839)

NAME
ADDRESS

Issued by the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

'HARLENE' HAIR-DRILL

ONE MINUTE A DAY FOR HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY
Post coupon below for 3 FREE GIFTS and manual of instructions.

HARLENE HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

Whether you are a man or woman, if you are troubled by falling hair, approaching baldness, scurf, dandruff or any other hair trouble, you should commence "Harlene - Hair - Drill" without delay. Then you will at once begin to see your hair growing daily more healthy, luxuriant and abundant. Remember, "Harlene" has stood the test of time—over 50 years' reputation. Price 1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

CREMEX SHAMPOO

Delightfully refreshing and super cleansing. Formula: 1½ lb. per box of 7. Single Sachets M.Y.

UZON BRILLANTINE

Finest quality polish and finish. Price 1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per tin.

From chemists and stores all over the world.

SAMPLE COUPON

Send this coupon with your name and address and 4d. stamps for postage and packing for samples of Harlene Hair Grower, Cremex Shampoo, Uzon Brilliantine, and the "Hair-Drill" Manual of Instructions.

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H.960), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

(Stamp your envelope with the stamp.)

Chinese Smuggle Their Riches To Britain

MYSTERY TREASURE-HOUSE SECRETS

HIDDEN STORE OF UNTOLD WEALTH

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

IN A DINGY LITTLE HOUSE NOT FAR FROM THE BANKS OF THE THAMES AND WITHIN SIGHT OF BIG BEN LIES THE SECRET TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF JEWELS WORTH A KING'S RANSOM.

A tall, slightly bald, elderly Chinese sits for several hours every day under the glare of a powerful electric light in the securely shuttered basement, recording in neat Chinese characters the description and value of diamonds, pearls, rubies and emeralds that come to him from war-ravaged China.

Pearls that once graced the hair and throats of mandarins' favourite wives, and rubies and rare emeralds that were, only a few months ago, parts of centuries-old ancestral shrines, lie in apparent confusion on the table beside the old man.

There are other guardians of the treasures which have been sent to London, but this old man is trusted by clients who, for reasons of their own, demand special secrecy.

SAVED FROM THE JAPANESE

Chinese business men and small up-country farmers who have hoarded the precious stones as heirlooms are hurriedly packing them up as the Japanese advance, and are sending them to the only country they think is safe.

As city after city falls to the foreign invaders and even the foreign Concessions are being combed by Japanese spies for Chinese wealth, business men and farmers alike have lost faith in banks and strongrooms.

Bombs, they argue, can break down banks, and pillaging Japanese soldiers can steal from strongrooms.

But both rich and poor have complete faith in their countryman who sits at his table thousands of miles away, recording in his ledgers the names of the men who, although many

of them do not even know his name, trust him with their treasures, to be hidden away in a place that only he knows.

Many of the jewels are smuggled into the country from foreign cargo vessels coming in from the East.

Before they leave Chinese ports, and almost under the eyes of the Japanese, holes are drilled a little way into the sides of packing-cases that hold ordinary merchandise.

A diamond or emerald is pushed into the hole, which is then filled up with plastic wood.

At the warehouse, the packing-case, which has a secret mark to show where the jewel is hidden, is broken open, the stone dug out of its hiding place and taken to the little riverside house.

Odd-looking little wooden dolls and animals with bulging red and green eyes

Indigestion

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Of all the aches and pains which patients come and tell me about, indigestion pains are probably the most common.

"I feel such stabbing, gripping pains after meals," they say, "or my meals give me such a terrible fullness."

Well, it doesn't take long to put these patients right! Their trouble is excess stomach acid—burning acid which ferments in the stomach and leads to all sorts of painful symptoms. In these cases I simply prescribe Bisulat®—the standard antacid compound.

Within five minutes Bisulat® Magnesia neutralizes excess acid, and so stops all pain and discomfort. If you suffer from any form of stomach trouble, I strongly recommend you to try Bisulat®.

Note: *Bisulat® Magnesia—referred to by Dr. Scott—is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/-—Advt.

PERFECT FIGURE CONTEST WINNER

I OWE MY SUCCESS TO IRVONA

I Put On NEARLY 30 lbs.

in 6 weeks

Read What She Says:

This photo shows Miss Allen holding the Cup after her great success.

Red Yokes "Chestnut Ave., Hertford, Herts."

I am pleased to say that Irvona has put on nearly thirty pounds for me this week, and has placed the perfect figure of Hertfordshire in the hearts of others, especially the ladies ones, to a great success.

Miss Allen's body builder has tried this marvellous new system and found it to take less time than ever before in every way. I enclose my card for the winner of the perfect figure contest and would like to thank you for your kind advice to others.

ALSO—Mr. and Mrs. Crow, 16, Patmore-st., Battersea, S.W. (65 years married); Mr. and Mrs. T. Hinkins, 56, Raleigh-dr., Enfield Town (53 years); Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Torkington, 2, Oakdale-nd., Herne Bay (61 years).

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LIFE'S LITTLE PROBLEMS

DOING THE OTHER FELLOW DOWN
By the People's Friend

man who was boasting about his shrewd bargaining. I don't think it would have made any difference if I had, because he is one of those selfish, self-centred individuals who never look beyond their own interests.

* * *

YOU will find that spirit all too often in the world to-day. It's considered smart to strike a hard bargain, to take all you can and to give us little in return as possible.

You'll hear lots of jollies congratulating themselves on getting the best of the bargain, simply because they have managed to trick or outwit some poor unfortunate.

* * *

I SOMETIMES wonder what satisfaction they can get from it. Surely you can't find much happiness or sunshine in life if you're always looking for an opportunity of doing the other fellow down!

How much better—and how much more Christian—to tilt the scales in the other direction, and give a little more than you receive instead of always taking.

There is no joy to equal the joy of giving. Beside it the pleasure of getting the best of the bargain fades into pale insignificance.

If you doubt me, try for yourself. Give the other fellow a leg-up instead of a push in the back. Put him first and yourself second just for a change.

That's a lesson Jesus taught mankind nearly two thousand years ago, and it is still as sound to-day as when He first spread His glorious message.

(COPYRIGHT.)

NOTHING TO LAUGH AT!



In fact, this little entrant at a Hendon baby show seemed to think it all rather a trial and expressed disapproval thus.

You May Not Agree That—

We Should Spare a Dime!

COURT PROCEEDINGS RECENTLY REVEALED A VAGRANT WHO PAYS HIS WIFE FOUR POUNDS WEEKLY AS A RESULT OF DAILY PLEAS FOR BAKSHEESH.

This has reminded me of a proposal I once made in this column that a legislative ban be put on begging.

My standpoint then was that mendicants are either frauds or in genuine poverty. If the first, they don't deserve the privilege of plucking the public.

In the latter circumstance, they should be provided for by the State.

A tube has been connected to the exhaust pipe of the car.

Oliver, who was employed in the Survey Dept. of the Royal Engineers stationed at Chislehurst, Kent, lived at Hill-lane, Southampton. Miss Matthews was a twenty-years-old telephone operator, who lived with her mother, Mrs. E. R. Tingey, at Pentire-ave., Southampton.

Miss Matthews had been missing from home since Wednesday.

The only correspondence found was a letter in the girl's handbag, addressed to herself. This was of a business nature.

By the running-board there were traces of a letter or letters having been recently burned.

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When feet ache and throb with pain feel hot and pinched inside your shoes—blame stale Foot Acid in the skin pores. Your feet have more of these pores than any other part of your body—3,000,000 to every square inch of skin. Your feet, like stale Foot Acid, chokes these pores, then piles up in the muscles O-o-oh! your feet throb and ache. Callus and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or it'll rot. The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added to each dip. This life-giving oxygen supercharges the water, cleans out clogged pores, lets crippling acid go out. Give a dip twice a day and the throbbing, aching feet are eased and comforted. Give your feet a Radox bath tonight!

Radox is 1/8 per 10 oz. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Cubes 3 for 7d. At all chemists.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet 1/6

Danger of neglecting INDIGESTION

Those who leave indigestion to "cure itself" run a grave risk. Early attacks may pass off, but a day comes when the cruel pain persists. Then the sufferer may find himself a victim of chronic gastritis, or develop a vicious ulcer.

If you have attacks of indigestion, burning pain, flatulence or sluggishness, the wise plan is to take a course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. This famous powder quickly neutralises surplus stomach acid, leaving your stomach sweet and clean and all discomfort gone. If your stomach is inflamed, the powder protects and helps it to heal. Hundreds of sufferers have been saved from pain by this wonderful soothing action. Don't neglect your indigestion for a day longer. Call on your chemist for a bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. Only genuine if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on bottle and carton. 1/3, 2/6 and 5/- Powder or Tablets. New slide-top pocket tin (50 tablets) 1/3; also 8d. tin (15 tablets).—Advt.

The Scourge of Modern Life

NEURASTHENIA

Victim Went
SEVEN NIGHTS
WITHOUT SLEEP

Then The Turning Point
and Undisturbed Rest

A Case from Dr. Cassells Records

WHEN an active woman in the prime of life finds her nerves so weak and gone to pieces that she cannot sleep and goes for a whole week without closing her eyes, then that scourge of modern life, neurasthenia, must have a grip on its victim that will take some breaking. Mrs. N. M. was in a state of deep depression, could not eat and hardly dared go out alone. Hers was a typical case of neurasthenia. Judge for yourself:

"Some time ago I became thoroughly run down and my nerves went to pieces. I began to suffer from sleeplessness; one whole week I never slept at all. Depression made my life dreadfully wretched. Indeed I was reduced to such a state of nerves that the only time I ventured out was with my husband in the evening. My appetite was poor, and altogether I was in a terrible state of health for a woman in the early thirties. Mine was a typical case of neurasthenia. I could not begin to get well until I took a short course of Dr. Cassells Tablets. It was the turning point in my illness. The first bottle did me a lot of good and the second put me on my feet completely. If ever I feel myself getting tired or run down I find that I only have to take Dr. Cassells Tablets a week or two to feel myself again. There is in my opinion nothing to equal them for neurasthenia and general nerve weakness."

If you suffer from neurasthenia, cannot sleep, and are the victim of profound depression, start taking a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets at once. Give them a fair trial. It is not by chance that they have relieved thousands of people from neurasthenia who were heading for complete breakdown. Dr. Cassells Tablets are a scientific treatment for all nerve troubles, and particularly the insomnia that is one of the most wearying symptoms. In other words, do we, the public, believe that when doing highly responsible work of national importance, and being fairly paid at least less than the minimum they now demand?

Only the other day the parents of a London girl refused to let her marry a plumber's mate earning fifty shillings a week. They thought it wasn't enough for the young couple to live on.

The magistrates held that it was just enough and gave their consent to the marriage. But thousands of railwaymen have been trying to bring up families respectably on less than forty-five shillings a week!

Prices: 1/3, 2/- & 5/- Trial Size 6d.



FIIFTY shillings . . . To some people that's a lot of money; to others it is not more than the price of a good dinner for two. It is a fortune to the Old Age Pensioner, a flea-bit to the millionaire. To the railwaymen of this country, it has become a standard of justice. They believe that the least important job on the line deserves a 50/- wage. They maintain that no man can support a family in even decent comfort upon less than this minimum. And all who have ever tried to do so must know that they are right.

Whether the railway companies can "afford" to pay is quite another matter, and one upon which opinions are divided.

But the majority of the general public, which is neither drawing wages nor dividends from the railways but only paying fares and freights, would do well to keep that figure of 50s. firmly in mind before passing judgment on the men's claim.

OSCAR WILDE, who wrote many witty things and not so many wise ones, once said: "A cynic is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing."

That is an epigram which deserves to be remembered. It came back to my own mind the other day when I was travelling to London from the country and heard a pompous fellow traveller remark: "Confound it; Labour is getting quite out of hand these days!"

Now this man travelled on a season ticket. He was continually using the railways, but he was indignant at the mere talk of a strike.

"Hitler wouldn't put up with strikes in Germany," he stormed. "Mussolini would stop 'em before you could say knife!" There's a lot to be said for the dictators. We ought to take a leaf out of their book!"

He went on in the same strain. He knew the price of everything very well indeed. He knew the price of his own railway shares, and didn't like it—which is not surprising.

But he couldn't have had much notion of the value of liberty and justice. He certainly didn't realise that the very fate of civilisation depends upon the preservation of such values.

"Square Deal" Must Be Equal-Sided

STATISTICS can be made to prove almost anything. I have seen figures during the past day or two which seem to show: (a) that the railways can't possibly afford to meet the men's claims and (b) that they can do so quite easily.

Neither conclusion is fair. It may be true, for instance, that railway profits will be up some four millions on last year's figures, but, on the other hand, last year's figures were very bad indeed.

And, though the increases now asked for won't cost much more than two millions a year, it must be admitted that they will come to a lot more than that by the time the minimum has been extended to all grades.

The fact remains that, whatever the railway companies can or cannot "afford," the men feel that they can't afford to live on less than fifty shillings a week.

THENS of thousands of other workers are paid even less than the railwaymen, and the unemployed are so poor that many of them are definitely under-nourished. But that proves nothing except the callousness of some employers and the niggardliness of Governments.

Actually, half-heartedness and timidity are more damaging to a statesman's reputation than bold experiments. People are always ready to forgive a trier, but they can't forgive leaders who are afraid to lead.

THERE has been—and it would be ungenerous not to admit it—a marked change in the attitude of our own Government during recent months. It has taken a firm stand against aggression in Europe and it has speeded up the defence programme in a very heartening way.

But there is still too much "dithering"; perhaps even too much fear of losing votes and antagonising certain sections of public opinion.

This case should be considered on its own merits. In other words, do we, the public, believe that when doing highly responsible work of national importance, and being fairly paid at least less than the minimum they now demand?

Only the other day the parents of a London girl refused to let her marry a plumber's mate earning fifty shillings a week. They thought it wasn't enough for the young couple to live on.

The magistrates held that it was just enough and gave their consent to the marriage. But thousands of railwaymen have been trying to bring up families respectably on less than forty-five shillings a week!

All this has been done within eight months. The complete machinery has been assembled and could be set in

IN the whole course of this controversy nothing has impressed Man o' the People so much as two re-

"Man o' the People" writes on
"THINGS THAT MATTER TO YOU AND ME"

LET'S TALK IT OVER



marks by the same leader writer in the same leader.

"Obviously," he wrote at one point, "the railways have not the money available unless they are to make further drafts upon their sorely tried shareholders."

And then to conclude his argument: "The railwaymen can afford to wait for the better times for which the railway managers hope!"

Why? Why the railwaymen and not the railways? Why the workers and not the shareholders? And what the Dickens does a "Square Deal" mean if it isn't square on all sides?

POLAND, unshaken by the Nazi thunder, is not only strong to defend her rights, but strong enough to be moderate under all minor provocations.

In these circumstances war is in the last degree unlikely. If it came, it would be a tragedy for us, but it would be suicide for our opponents.

And when a "crisis" becomes "chronic" it ceases to be "critical."

CONTACTUALLY, most people would welcome registration, for it is certainly better to be a number than a mere cipher.

Mothers, reluctant to part from little children, would feel much more certain of a happy family reunion if they knew in advance that there would be this certain means of identification in every case.

Indeed, a "pièce d'identité," as the French call it—proof that each individual is what he claims to be—might be a valuable document even in time of peace. It would be quite invaluable in time of war.

When all is said and done, a register of this kind is simply a precaution. A war would mean complete conscription, in any case, and registration would bring it no nearer: it would merely make it simpler and save many square pegs from being driven into round holes.

Criminals might object to it, but honest citizens have nothing to fear.

The next census isn't due until 1941, but this strict and literal "numbering of the people" ought to take place now.

THE DANZIG Danse Macabre

TO speed forward all our defensive preparations; to make them complete and fool-proof, and to rehearse the country in its wartime role, is not to anticipate war but to prevent it.

When your old friend went away on holiday three weeks ago Danzig was the storm centre of Europe. Now that he is back in London again he finds that it still is.

The Italic is my own. And the answer, in your old friend's opinion, is "fifty bob a week."

THE Camel And The Gnat

SAFETY First" the best maxim for all road users, is a poor slogan for politicians. Democratic statesmen in particular ought to "take a few chances" nowadays if only to prove that leadership is still possible in a free country.

Neither conclusion is fair. It may be true, for instance, that railway profits will be up some four millions on last year's figures, but, on the other hand, last year's figures were very bad indeed.

Which brings us, you may think, back to the question of what is justice in this case. Perhaps the Railways Tribunal has already answered that question.

"As wages approximate to or fall below the point at which they do not suffice for reasonable human needs" it declared, "the case for maintaining or improving those rates in spite of an unsatisfactory financial position" becomes stronger."

The Italic is my own. And the answer, in your old friend's opinion, is "fifty bob a week."

And, though the increases now asked for won't cost much more than two millions a year, it must be admitted that they will come to a lot more than that by the time the minimum has been extended to all grades.

The fact remains that, whatever the railway companies can or cannot "afford," the men feel that they can't afford to live on less than fifty shillings a week.

What is it simply bored. The threats have grown stale, the menacing gestures take on an air of unreality; the loud, declamatory speeches have lost their old dramatic effect.

WISDOM WEEK BY WEEK Those who just drift with the tide won't find things go swimmingly when the tide turns.

LITTLE ALFIE ON "FATHER KEEPS A BEE"

It all happened when we were spending a holiday week-end in the country at Farmer Oates's. They gave us sumptuous sunny tea for tea, and Father liked it much which he wanted to know where they port it.

Well, of course, Farmer O. explained that they hadn't port it, but that they'd got it from their own bees. This made Father very excited, and he said he'd like to keep a bee of his own. Farmer O. said their were about 50,000 bees in a good hive, but Father didn't wish to be greedy—but only remained a bee.

Cuzzin Arthur, who's always swotting up things about Mayhew, tried to tell Father a lot of stuff about queen bees and drones and workers and all that, but Father didn't take much notice.

"Oh?" he snorted. "So that chuck out the do they? Very sensible. We don't ours into Portmeirion."

But Father took more notice of Farmer Oates, because, of course, he's a practicable

man, and he watched Farmer O. very admiringly when he went to take a comb of honey out of the hive.

Farmer O. was dressed up so the bees didn't get at him to sting him. He wore long gloves, and a hat with a veil over it. Farmer O. started to take up the same. So Farmer O. larfed and got Father old sum old stamping gloves, and an old top-hat with yards of butter-muzzling hanging from it.

Everybody larfed and Farmer O. said Father looked like a Scotch elder at a funeral.

Then, when Father stepped out to go to the hive, everybody cheered and sang: "See the Conkerin and the Conkerin and the Conkerin." Just as Father got near to the danger zone, our Florrie suddenly called out: "Wait a minute, Pop. You've forgotten your umbrella!"

Everybody roared with laughter, and this made Father so wild, he shook his fist, and axidly knocked against the hive, and this made all the bees cum rushing out in a cloud towards him.

Father let out a yell, and ran. I don't know how many bees were in that hive, if there were 50,000, they all came after Father, and he didn't get out till morning.

Those 49,999 bees chased Father, buzzing angrily at him like a football crowd at a referee. He ran indoors and locked himself in the bedroom, and wouldn't cum out till next morning. And when they offered him honey for breakfast, he said he preferred marmalade!

CIGARETTE PAPERS By The Lounger

HOLIDAY SAILOR'S SONG What are the wild waves saying? Lots of things. But one of the jolliest things they keep saying is: "Any more for the Skylark?" It's great fun being a holiday sailor . . .

I never yearned to face alone The perils of the deep: Bed ashore has always seemed A safer place to sleep.

But still, although I am not fond Of billows, waves and spray, I always like the little ship That sails around the bay.

CHOIRUS: Any more for a sail? You needn't all turn pale.

The sea is very mild and calm today; The waves are blue and sparkling and the sunshine's bright and hot;

You can't believe the feeling of contentment that I've got;

I feel just like a millionaire aboard his blinking yacht!—

A-sailing in the Skylark round the bay.

There's little fear of mal de mer, Or horrid things like that;

When I go sailing round the bay,

The sea lies calm and flat.

I've no ambition for to brave The dangers of the ocean;

This ship of ours goes round the bay,

Without the least commotion!

CHOIRUS: Won't you come for a sail? You'll have quite a stirring tale!

Of course at the ending of the day.

Old Joe our sturdy skipper looks on landsmen with great scorn;

He looks as though he'd spent his life a-battling round Cape Horn;

But he's never been much further, since the day that he was born,

Than sailing in the Skylark round the bay.

Trade: Use this HAIR DRESSING that ends Dry Scalp

DRY SCALP makes your hair dry, lifeless hair, baldness may result. "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to dry Scalp. Every morning rub well in. Besides keeping the hair in place, this makes the scalp healthier, hair stronger.

New economy size at 2/6

There is now a 2/6 size of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic, containing twice as much as the 1/6 bottle. Sizes, 1/6, 2/6 and 3/6. Prices and free offer not applicable to trade.

Labels of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and packet of "Vaseline" Soap Shampoo send 2d. (for postage, etc.), name and address (in block letters) to Dept. P130, Cheshire Manufacturing Company Con'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

TRADE: Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Importance To The Navy Of Sir Malcolm's Triumph

NEW BOAT DESIGN IDEAS

Decision On Tuesday

RAIL STRIKE OR —

by Our Industrial Correspondent
ZERO HOUR ON THE RAILWAYS WILL BE TUESDAY, WHEN THE TWO UNIONS WHO ARE IN DISPUTE WITH THE COMPANIES OVER WAGES MEET IN LONDON TO DECIDE THE DATE ON WHICH A NATIONAL RAIL STRIKE SHALL BEGIN.

The companies, seeing that the men mean business have relented of their previous decision not to consider any increase in wages above a rise of 3s. a week for the lowest-paid men.

They have now offered to refer the whole matter to the Railway National Staff Tribunal for arbitration.

GOVERNMENT VIEW

They have offered to abide by whatever award the Tribunal may make. It now remains to be seen whether the two unions, in their meetings on Tuesday, will call off the strike threat and accept the arbitration offer.

If arbitration is accepted, the Tribunal will consist of Sir Arthur Salter, chairman, and one representative of the companies and one of the unions.

Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, I understand, intends to intervene if the men reject arbitration.

The Government's view is that every possible step must be taken to prevent a stoppage in the present circumstances.

15s. A Week Pensions Plan

MEANS TEST FOR INCREASE

BY OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

TWO IMPORTANT CONCESSIONS WILL BE MADE IN THE GOVERNMENT PLAN FOR INCREASING OLD-AGE PENSIONS, DETAILS OF WHICH MR. CHAMBERLAIN WILL ANNOUNCE WHEN PARLIAMENT REASSEMBLES ON OCTOBER 3.

Pensions will be raised from 10s. to 15s. a week. Wives younger than their husbands will be entitled to pensions from the date when their husbands become pensionable at 65.

There will be certain conditions, never, attaching to these two concessions.

There will be a means test to decide whether pensioners shall be entitled to the higher pension of 15s. a week. Under the new scheme, provided she has passed her 60th birthday, the couple will both start drawing pensions as soon as the husband reaches 65.

The same thing will apply in the relatively small number of cases where the wife reaches her 65th birthday before the husband.

YOUTH OF 19

HELD FOR MURDER

"He hit me and kicked me, I picked the gun up and shot him." That is alleged to have been the reply of Eric Ronald Wilshire, nineteen, of Turnpike-lane, Icklefield, when arrested and charged with murder.

Victim of the tragedy was Harry Cooper, a smallholder.

Today, Wilshire appeared in court here and was remanded until Tuesday.

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT



MONTHS OF SECRET WORK AHEAD NOW

From Our Motoring Editor,
T. H. WISDOM

AFTER COVERING THE MEASURED MILE ON CONISTON WATER TODAY AT 141 MILES PER HOUR ON BLUEBIRD II, SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL TOLD ME HE HAD MADE IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN CONNECTION WITH THE DESIGN OF THE BOAT.

For the next few months he will work on the changes with his team of mechanics. "These improvements," said Sir Malcolm, "should add quite a lot of speed to the Bluebird. Several very valuable ideas came out of the test."

"I think we can now afford to sit back awhile, and see what the others have got to say."

Naturally he could not reveal what the improvements were, as Germany and Italy are building boats to try and beat today's record.

Lieut.-Commander Peter DuCaine, the designer, said:

"The lessons we have learned at today's speed will, I am sure, have an important influence on the design of boats for the Navy. We should be able to add a great deal to their speed."

"The design of the Bluebird was experimental, and Sir Malcolm was literally driving into the unknown. There was light mist over the lake when the Bluebird rocketed through the smooth water."

Several times Sir Malcolm had to stand up in the single-seater cockpit to keep his head above the exhaust fumes, which were deadly poison.



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

"The People's" Own Secret Service News

SCOTLAND YARD'S SPECIAL BRANCH HAS BEEN STRENGTHENED SO THAT THE MANY NAZI AGENTS AND PROPAGANDISTS WHO HAVE ENTERED THE COUNTRY LATELY MAY BE MORE CLOSELY SHADOWED.

These agents have a two-fold task—first, to find out by mass-observation methods what Britons are thinking; and second, to further the work and aims of pro-German organisations.

Dr. Goebbels, Germany's propagandist chief, has been instructed to launch a newspaper campaign throughout the Reich and Spain demanding the return of Gibraltar to Franco. Iden behind plan is to give Britain "something of her own to think about" instead of "interfering" in Danzig.

Ruthless cutting down of timber is ruining Czech Government forests. Conscript labour is handling millions of pine trees which are being sent to Germany. Some are used for frontier defence works; the rest are for export.

Close accord between Britain and Rumania is demon-

strated by fact that two squadrons of heavy British bombers will leave for Rumania soon. King Carol has been assured of further air reinforcements if they are deemed necessary.

GENERAL FRANCO is hoping to establish his influence among Spanish-speaking peoples of South America.

Pro-Franco propaganda will be spread from a "Missionary Centre" in Buenos Ayres and will be directed to wreck Britain's big trade with the Argentine.

U.S. Navy is keeping close watch on both entrances to the Panama Canal. It is realised in Washington that canal, in the event of war, would become one of world's most vital waterways.

Japanese penetration into Burma is in the hands of agents who pose as business

men and who urge the Burmese to throw off the British yoke and to proclaim their independence. Britain's "men on the spot" have the situation well in hand.

BRITAIN'S refusal to be drawn into war in the Far East has caused a switch in Nazi strategy. Herr Hitler had, on von Ribbentrop's advice, banked on Britain sending huge forces to the Far East as a result of Jap provocation.

Such a move would have left him free to take bigger risks in Europe than he can afford. But Britain's handling of the situation in the Far East has gone contrary to his forecast. And Hitler has had to revise his strategy.

HERR HITLER has been told frankly by the British and French Ambassadors in Berlin that Germany cannot hope to win another "war of nerves."

The time when he could bluff the democracies into conceding his demands is gone. Bluster, he has been advised, will be met by calm strength.

WOES END IN SMILES

MAN: I DECIDED NOT TO GET MARRIED UNTIL I COULD AFFORD TO KEEP A WIFE, BUT FIVE YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE HAS TOLD ME THAT I WAS EITHER OUT ON MY CALCULATIONS OR MY WIFE WAS NOT AN AVERAGE WIFE.

Wife at Tottenham: I began to wonder whether our marriage would be happy when my mother first came round to visit us. My husband did not show a trace of fear.

Solicitor at Tottenham: I suggest you are known by everyone except for a few, as the master of the house.

Man: Yes, but unfortunately my wife was one of the few.

Woman: I have heard that my husband is living in one of those luxury flats. A friend saw him going up the ladder.

Man: Our house was run quite fairly, my wife cooked the food and I ate it.

Man: My wife has a queer habit of saying she is going to do a thing and then doing it.

Solicitor: Are you suggesting that every time your husband comes home he is the worse for drink?

Wife: That's the only time he does come home.

Woman: I began to wonder which public-house my husband used to go to in the evening. After a couple of months I found it was the same one as I used to go to myself.

Defendant: I didn't object to my mother-in-law coming to see us, I like a bit of melodrama now and then.

Wife: My husband doesn't live with me. He just comes round to meals.

Woman: My husband told me that he had been sent to prison for not paying a fine. I found out he had paid the fine and was taking a holiday with one of his pals.

SISTERS' DOUBLE WEDDING



Joan and Eileen Roche, twin sisters, were married at the Catholic Church, Osterley, yesterday. They wanted to be wed at the same altar, but since this was not possible, Joan (right) was married first because she is the elder by 20 minutes.

BRITON KILLED: 3 WOUNDED BY ARABS

Haifa, Saturday.

AN OFFICER WAS KILLED AND THREE SOLDIERS WOUNDED WHEN BRITISH TROOPS ENGAGED A BAND OF ARMED ARABS ON THE ACRE-SAFED ROAD, NEAR THE VILLAGE OF BEIT HAMMA, LAST NIGHT.

The bodies of six fully-armed and uniformed Arabs have been found, but it is believed that many other casualties were inflicted on the band, which was about 60 strong.

The dead man was Lieutenant Clive C. Rivett-Carnac, of the Sherwood Foresters.

The funeral of Lieutenant Rivett-Carnac, whose home is in Guernsey, took place at noon today at the Ramleh Military Cemetery with full military honours.

The wounded are Lance-Corporal Elton and Private Hadoucile, also of the Sherwood Foresters, and Private Davidson, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

The British casualties occurred after the main engagement when the troops were returning at dusk. They were fired on at close range by the remnants of the Arab band.

In addition to the six Arabs killed by the British ground forces, it is estimated

AIRCRAFTMAN FORGOT BOMB SAFETY PIN

Failure to comply with the regulation governing the replacing of safety pins in bombs transferred from one aeroplane to another was considered at a Colchester inquest yesterday to have caused the death of Aircraftman Frederick John Allen, aged twenty-three, of Ashington, Northumberland.

He died at Colchester Military Hospital from injuries caused by an explosion of a 12-lb. flash bomb.

A verdict of accidental death was returned.

S I S G O
S Y O U O
E R O F D
N N I U G

Cryptic, isn't it? Yet if you start at the right letter and take each adjoining letter in turn, you can spell a very famous phrase. It concerns a drink handed down to us by our great-grandfathers and enjoyed by millions today. Dickens, Disraeli and Stevenson all mention it in their writings, and countless doctors have praised it for the good it does you and the strength it gives.

Most of you must have guessed the answer by now (good for you!). For those who haven't we will add that this drink is tall, dark and handsome, in the 'cream' of condition, and has a noble head, generous body and strength, and a clean invigorating taste. Got it? You may give yourself a couple of bottles as First Prize.



Guinness is Good for You

ANSWER:

THESE TWO TABLETS
STOP INDIGESTION
in 80 Seconds

OUCH! THAT'S RENNIES' PAIN. AH-HH!
THOSE RENNIES' SOOTHING
PAIN RELIEF TABLETS
ARE THE BEST IN THE
WORLD. THEY ARE
SOFT, EASY TO SWALLOW,
AND TASTY. IT TAKES
ONLY A FEW SECONDS
FOR RENNIES' SOOTHING
PAIN RELIEF TABLETS
TO WORK. YOU CAN FEEL
THE PAIN DISSIPATING
AS SOON AS YOU SWALLOW
ONE. TRY THEM AND SEE
WHAT THEY CAN DO FOR YOU.



Burnt, biting, and
irritating your stomach
causes cruel pain.

£250,000 Haul By Six British "Raffles"

Rich Raided On Holiday

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

ROBBERIES ESTIMATED TO TOTAL MORE THAN £250,000 ARE CREDITED TO A GANG OF SIX "RAFFLES," STATED TO BE BRITISH, WHO HAVE BEEN TAKING HEAVY TOLL AT FASHIONABLE CONTINENTAL RESORTS IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS.

Now the French police claim to be hot on the trail of the men, who have been aided in their exploits by two smartly-gowned women.

The latest and most daring of the coups brought off by the band was at Deauville, where the villa of Mr. Blum, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, was visited, while Mr. Blum and his wife were at the Casino, and jewellery worth £20,000 taken.

Even bigger coups have been brought off since the gang first made its appearance on the Continent, and the police were completely baffled until they started inquiries on the Deauville affair.

They now know that the male members of the band are smartly groomed and able to mix in the best Society. The two women have also the Mayfair "hall mark" and have found no difficulty in ingratiating themselves with the exclusive "sets" frequenting the resorts during the season.

The main mission of the women, it is said, is to single out likely victims and to obtain any information about their movements that would facilitate the operations of the six "Gentlemen Burglars."

When a likely victim was found in an hotel the men visited his or her suite during temporary absences.

CASINO OPERATIONS

On the night or day chosen for the coup two other members of the six "dropped in casually" for a game, and when the swag had been secured they hurried off with it.

In the event of management or police insisting on a search when the robbery was discovered, the resident members of the gang were the first to offer all facilities. Naturally nothing was ever found.

The gang also operated at the casinos or night resorts used by wealthy visitors renting or owning villas. These were visited while the victims were enjoying themselves.

During the night they received a visit from one of the six who quickly relieved them of their winnings.

AND HE SHOULD KNOW!

A detective assigned to investigate the reported lynching of a 33-year-old negro in Georgia found him alive and well.

"I heard I was lynched," the detective quoted the negro as saying, "but I didn't pay any attention because I knew I was living."—Reuters.

ANSWERS TO TEASERS

The following are the Answers to the Teasers in Page Four:

- (1) Derby.
- (2) Bobby Burns.
- (3) Panorama.
- (4) Thorn.
- (5) Connaught.
- (6) Galla.
- (7) Hoganay.
- (8) Sterling.
- (9) Cottage.
- (10) Echo.
- (11) St. Andrews.
- (12) Galli.

MISSING RELATIVES

Readers must give names and addresses, particulars of relationship and send 7s. 6d. to "The People," Ace House, 69-76, Long Acre, W.C.2. Notices not to exceed forty words.

Green, John Henry Arthur, Elizabeth, Jessie, Mary and Gleon, born Hungerford, Berks; last heard of in London. Brother in Australasian interests.

Willcock, Harry Victor, of Everton, Liverpool. Inquiry from father in Australia, who is very ill. Write: Tickellway, 110, Middlesex-st., London, E.C.1.

OLD COMRADES' CALENDAR

10th "Butterfly," Div. R.F.A. O.C.A.—Trip to Bedford Camp, Sept. 10, dinner and dance, Sept. 23, at Manchester Hotel, Aldersgate-st., E.C. Tickets: 7s. 6d. each, 10s. 6d. each, from C. W. Garrard, 17, Selborne-eds., Perivale.

Old Goldsmen's (London)—Memorial Parade, Sept. 12, 1939, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.—C. F. Simpson, 46, Whitecomb-st., W.C.

HINTS TO INVESTORS By Our City Editor, "Scrutineer"

FILM INDUSTRY MOVES

INTERESTING City developments are taking place, despite the ever-present fear of a sudden flare up in international affairs. It is a good thing that business men do not sit down and wait for economic peace before developing new projects.

John Maxwell, chairman of Associated British Picture Corporation, spoke cursorily at the annual meeting recently.

This company has now for six successive years increased its profits, each one being a new record. The results for the current year again show improvement according to Mr. Maxwell.

Associated British Picture Corporation

is to be the core of a new movement which is now taking place to revive British film production.

Three years ago the City was shocked by revelations of extravagance among certain film producers, etc. Big dividends were made. This has not been cleaned up, and, as Mr. Maxwell said, conditions now warrant the City taking a renewed interest.

ABPC is to stand at 10s. 4d. per cent. on the dividend was again 20 per cent.

There are also some 6 per cent. preference shares, 16s. 6d. offering a return of 7s. 6d. per cent.

A half sound holding are the 5 per cent. debentures, obtainable at 90s.

The company has reserves equal to one

and a half times the ordinary capital.

GUMONT prospects also appear to be better than for some years. In this case the 4 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock at 7s. appears attractive. The yield is no less than 46 ls. 6d.

A favourable point is that this debenture stock is being redeemed somewhat rapidly. The amount of stock purchased for redemption last year was 100,000, no less than £212,452.

The 10s. ordinary stock is a lock-up gamma at 4s. The chairman foresees the possibility of dividends being resumed next year.

Safety Glass Motors

THE operating year of the Standard Motor Company ends with the current year, the crisis in the last quarter of 1938 and in the first quarter of 1939, the company's business has, I understand gone rapidly ahead since.

I am told that recent sales have more than offset the fall in the earlier months of the year and that there is every possibility of an increase in profits.

Last year earnings dropped from 58 per cent. on a capital of £460,000, to 25 per cent. on a capital of £720,000, the actual figures being £200,746 for 1937, and £130,365 for 1938, after depreciation.

Since then the company has had the benefit of the depression and the benefit of the wonderful reception which the new 8 h.p. car has received.

At the meeting in November last the chairman, Mr. C. J. Band, forecast the most successful year in the company's history.

The 5s. units can be bought at 17s. and on the basis of last year's 22s. payment, yield only about 34 per cent.

Mr. John P. Black Managing Director of the Standard Motor Co. Ltd.

THE Triplex Safety Glass profits for the year to June last were slightly lower at £163,489, compared with £169,512.

Capital has been increased by about 36 per cent. owing to the acquisition of 90 per cent. of the shares of Lancashire Glass, the company's chief competitor.

This year's Triplex dividend is down from 25 per cent. to 20 per cent., a decline of 20 per cent., as against the capital increase of 36 per cent.

Furthermore, at the time of the announcement, the Lancashire Company had not made up its accounts for the year to March last, so that next year's accounts of Triplex will have any dividend paid meted out to be brought into its financial accounts.

At 38s. the 10s. shares of Triplex yield 6s. 14s. per cent. This is attractive, in my view, because the company now has a virtual monopoly of the safety-glass industry.

Mr. John P. Black Managing Director of the Standard Motor Co. Ltd.

I.R.A. FOUND BACK DOOR OPEN

—It's Closed Now

From Our Own Correspondent
Paris, Saturday.

I.R.A. suspects, finding themselves barred at British ports with direct communication with Eire, found a back door into Britain—through France.

But this also has been closed following the accidental discovery of a passport forgery "factory" in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

The plan was for the I.R.A. men to travel to France, where they were unknown, in the ordinary way.

There they were provided with false French or Canadian passports, and they crossed the Channel in the guise of tourists.

The Paris police obtained a warrant to raid premises for an entirely different purpose.

But what they found satisfied them that forged papers for the I.R.A. were being produced in large numbers.

The Stretcher-General asked Scotland Yard for an album of I.R.A. suspects, so that they could pick out undesirables.

This has now been supplied—and the back door is closed.

Aid At A Price

REFUGEES FORCED TO BE SPIES

Special to "The People"

BRITISH AND FRENCH POLICE ARE INVESTIGATING THE ACTIVITIES OF PERHAPS THE MOST SINISTER OF THE CONTINENTAL ORGANISATIONS ENGAGED IN SMUGGLING JEWISH REFUGEES.

The operations are directed by the Nazi secret police, and refugees helped abroad have to become agents of the Gestapo to spy on other refugees.

If they take the required oath they are smuggled at cheap rates from Czechoslovakia, Germany and Italy into Britain, France and Palestine.

MYSTERY MAN HELD

Those who go to Palestine have to agree to join the militant Jewish organisation making trouble for Britain by its conflict with the Arabs.

The activities of the refugee smugglers were discovered following the arrest of a mystery German at Dunkirk.

The man, Robert Czelizak, claimed to be a Pole, and had papers to support the statement.

In the last day or so the police have located two of the secret bureaux of the agency, and discoveries made there proved that the accused man is an agent of the Nazi secret police.

Printed copies of the oaths exacted from the refugees were found in a raid on the head office of the agency, and also copies of warnings that failure to honour the oath would be reported by German agents who would denounce the refugees to the authorities of the country into which they had been smuggled.



"You needn't be rich to be particular!"

She's wise to feed him well, to give him John West's Middle-cut Salmon for tea. It's the best part of a prime red salmon cooked in all its freshness to melting tenderness. Every tasty morsel is full of nourishment — rich with its natural oils. It's a tempting treat for a tired man — a feast for a hungry one.

Insist on the best, and buy

JOHN WEST'S
Middle-cut SALMON

PELLING, STANLEY AND CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL, AND 8 EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3
J.W. 123-542

Phillips YEAST The Finest TONIC

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, owing to its "Life" and richness in Vitamin B, is a splendid NERVE and GENERAL TONIC and an unfailing remedy for INDIGESTION... By ensuring prompt assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast restores VITALITY and VIGOUR in Nature's own way. It contains No Drug and is the finest Tonic and remedy

THROBBING FEET

You have the remedy in your home

For hot, sore, swollen feet there is no need to buy expensive remedies. Before going to bed, rub in some "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It softens and soothes the skin, relieves the swelling. Jars 4d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins.

Cheesborough Mfg. Co., Consett, Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

for NERVES and INDIGESTION

Take PHILLIPS Yeast regularly—You'll feel TWICE AS FIT and YEARS YOUNGER. It increases the Nutritive value of your food and is perfectly safe and non-habit-forming.

From all Chemists: 6d., 1/-, 3/-, 5/-

Ask for PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast Tablets

—then you get the REAL THING

FURNITURE VALUES
FREE DELIVERY
MIRRORS 27/-
BEDSTEADS 27/-
TERMS 1/- 2/- 3/- 4/- 5/-
TENURE 1/- 2/- 3/- 4/- 5/-
LEASEHOLD 2/- 3/- 4/- 5/-
CURTIS'S 15/- 17/- 19/-
PRESIDENT 15/- 17/- 19/-
GAIN CATALOGUE LONDON, W.2



When it's
NO SMOKING
by Order

When smoking's not allowed work can be misery. But pop a Rowntree Fruit Gum or Pastille into your mouth — at once that craving goes — that "want-something-in-my-mouth" feeling goes. Life's brighter — work's easier! There's more of the taste of fruit in Rowntree's Fruit Gums and Pastilles — they soothe and protect the mouth and throat in a way no other sweets can. Lasting relief!



These
ROWNTREE'S FRUIT CLEAR GUMS
refresh & soothe

2/- Mixed Clear Gums (Hard—long-lasting)
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2/- TUBES—3d & 6d PACKETS

The glorious relief—the refreshment that belongs to lime-ale and fruit flavours.

—an orchard in every packet!

COCK O' THE NORTH

EBOR WIN FOR OWENSTOWN WILL MAKE MIDDLEHAM CROW

YORK'S KNAVESMIRE IS A WONDERFUL SPOT WHEN YOU KNOW IT AS I KNOW IT. I FIRST TROD THE OLD TURF IN THE YEAR WHEN PANE, CALLED WUFFY (BECAUSE THERE WERE TWO "PANES"), "CLICKED" FOR THE PRINCIPAL HANDICAP OF THE AUGUST MEETING, AND HAVE SINCE SEEN QUITE A FEW "EBORS," SOME OF WHICH HAVE BEEN WON BY BETTER HORSES THAN THE HERO OF 1907.

There are not many races in the "Calendar" decided over the Ebor Handicap distance; horses have to be trained to last the trip, and pull out that very necessary burst of speed in the final furlong.

A two-mile plodder hasn't an earthly, while a speedy mile-and-a-half-or will often get beat at the "distance." Hence it comes about that the ideal "Ebor" candidate is born, not made. One and three-quarter miles is a funny course. A long-distance "ped" if asked to jump to it from his "holes" would probably say: "Cully, can't you make it two miles?"

THREE-YEAR-OLDS with light weights are often dangerous to oppose, but they

are not good 'uns to whack the older brigade.

The appearance might win Wednesday's prize, and have not forgotten that Fred Templeman has found the York course a milady Klondyke.

A DOZEN starters on Wednesday is about all that can be advised. Capt. Boyd-Roeckliff's two-year-olds are able to let forth some more "Whoopie." Owenstown is a stout rod on which to lean. Sir Thomas Dixon's animal likes the track over which he will race, and his book form is there for all to see.

BACK in May Owenstown was a trifle unfortunate, maybe, not to whack the Lancashire Cup winner, who was beaten in the Yorkshire Cup. The Middleham champ now has a nice "pull" of 4 lb. for that short head. If both are at their best this can have no chance whatever against Owenstown—with a fair field and no favour.

OSSIE" BELLS horses at the moment are in wonderful form. For that reason I can't leave Flin's out. His preparation, I believe, has been timed for this race. All the same I intend to stand Owenstown to turn the tables on Sir Cunliffe-Owen's four-year-old.

OWENSTOWN so far has been a somewhat unlucky animal. He was fourth in the Gold Cup, which was his second outing this season. Since then he has

been "on the shelf." Presumably the "shelf" has been his objective following the abortive attempt at Ascot.

Last year he showed his liking for the Knavesmire, and I do think his real chance has come now. And there isn't a bookie among the opposition to bar his progress.

TOUT CHANGE or Peter Kane can go for the lighter than Tom Chance has a bit too much weight over the course, which is a longer trip than his best. "Peter" may therefore turn out to be the stayer "poo," though I have no knowledge of his past record.

I prefer Maranta to the bottom weight, Soft Impeachment, and shall expect the five-year-old to put up a good show despite his 9 lb. weight. Another would measure up to Riva Prince, for whom Maudie proved at Goodwood to be a much-improved horse, but he had River Prince as the stable hope.

He has to give 7 lb. to Goliath Sovereign, and 15 lb. to Bacardi and Valerian.

I DONT LIKE opposing Carnival Boy over four furlongs, but Monmouth ought to make up for the Liverpool lapse.

I napped "Em" on that occasion, and shall again add the star "to" his name in the calculated tips.

BISTOL R. is a big weight in the Festival Handicap on Saturday at Bath, but the Lambourn colt has not been let on by the handicappers since he cantered away with the "City" in the spring.

Sixteen world championship contenders now share a chance of qualifying for the final on Wednesday, when New Cross stage the last meeting. And it will be a lively one too with so much depending on it.

It made me laugh the other night to see unconsidered Alec Statham, of Harrogate, laying it thick and heavy on some of the most fancied ones on the list.

Just to give the England team a bit of luck, I have included Tom Craven in the

selection of Price or Craven. Craven is a carefully-arranged 100-6 coup for Wednesday's Elbow Handicap. Followed by Bookmaker's Special, and then the secret 100-6 coup for the August Handicap at Gatwick on Friday. Then a big money-maker for the County Handicap on Saturday. Yours for the asking.

St. Leger, like the Derby, is a bit of a mystery, and the other selectors do not do things like that.

If you're nothing to do today pop along to Wimborne, and while the "Dungs" Supper Club is holding its annual sports and social fete from other tracks will be given a great welcome.

By the way, watch out for a new face in the paddock at Newmarket. The young class rider has severed his connection with his track and Mr. Ronnie Greene is keen to get his services.

The presence of Alec will make the final a very open affair; the pity is it is

I can't see him winning it.

Test, match at Wembley on Thursday, I hope you will continue to be bottom of the popularity list.

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PICK WHERE YOU LIKE
8 MATCH POINTS POOL

MATCHES FOR
AUG. 26th

NO WONDER PERCY
GOT A MOVE ON—
THESE ARE POOLS
YOU CAN'T IMPROVE
ON

Pick where you like
8-MATCH
POINTS POOL
5 LEAGUES NOTHING BARRED

3 DIVIDENDS!

—three chances to win
Winners with highest number of points in
one column = 50% Next highest = 30%
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2-pool for AWAY win, 3 for DRAW.

RULES—CREDIT ONLY

Coupons may not be used after Friday and will not be issued for more than one week after Saturday. The stakes for any column must be as printed, and the maximum credit allowed is £1.00. We reserve the right to refuse any coupons. Coupons found to have been forged or tampered with by their issuer or their bookmaker's address will be disqualified. No coupons accepted

For 1 HOME, 2 for AWAY, and X for a DRAW

NOVELTY NINE
TWO DIVIDENDS

Aston Villa	Middlesbrough
Chelsea	Bolton W.
Everton	Brentford
Sunderland	Blackpool
Manchester U.	Grimbsy
Portsmouth	Blackburn
Preston N.E.	Leeds United
Sheffield U.	Liverpool
Stoke	Charlton
Sunderland	Derby Co.
Wolves	Arsenal
Barstley	Notts Forest
Bury	Coventry
Chesterfield	Leeds United
Leicester	Manchester C.
Luton	Sheffield W.
Millwall	Newcastle
Newport Co.	Southampton
Plymouth	West Ham
Swansea T.	W. Brom. A.
Tottenham	Birmingham
Aldershot	Bristol City
Brigton & H. P.	Vale
Bristol Rov.	Reading
Clapton O.	Ipswich Town
Darlington	Southport
Dundee	Rochdale
Gateshead	Crewe Alex.
Hartlepools	Barrow
Hull City	Lincoln City
Oldham A.	Carlisle
Oxford U.	Halfax
Stockport Co.	Wrexham
Transmire R.	Rotherham
Wrexham	New Brighton
W. York City	Chester
Aberdeen	Hibernians
Albion Rovers	St. Mirren
Alias	Motherwell
Alloa	St. Johnstone
Clyde	Celtic
Bristol Rov.	Orrell
Cowdenbeath	Reading
Dundee	Southport
Falkirk	Arbroath
Forfar Ath.	Partick Th.
Kilmarnock	Third Lanark
Queen of Sth	Partick Th.
Rangers	Arbroath
Queen's Park	Raith Rovers

FORECAST ALL 9 RESULTS 3* 3* 3* 3* 3* 3*

In the Northern Hubs you are NOT asked to forecast the number of goals scored, but merely which of the paired teams will score more goals. If you forecast a draw, you will receive a draw. Place "X" for a Draw (except goals).

PLEASE POST EARLY 3* 3* 3* 3* 3* 3*

The amount invested on this coupon is £ : I PROMISE if this Coupon is accepted by you, to remit next week the total amount staked, and agree to abide by your rules. Please send Coupon weekly. I am over 21 years of age.

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FOOTBALL WITHOUT ANY KICK!

PLENTY OF GOALS, BUT NO POINTS

EVEN CHELSEA CAN WIN AWAY FROM HOME!

By LONG ACRE

YESTERDAY was one of my pet days of the year—I don't think! Why do they have to have this football and cricket running together? Doesn't give a chap a chance, does it, and so the teams just sit out, curiously, go along. For instance, I see that Hartlepool had seven and Darlington ten new men in their match. Obviously the clubs treat these games as glorified trials.

I DON'T know whether the results count for anything, but I certainly shouldn't take them too seriously when you're working out your pools. Of course, there were some freak results. Oldham, for instance, won 6-4 at Stockport, and Leicester won by the same score at Derby. Does that mean that Oldham and Leicester are going to be among the big shots this year? No, sir, it doesn't. At Newcastle, the fatuous old "Geordie," Hughie Gallacher, trotted on the field wearing the Gateshead colours, and he got a great reception. Hughie spoilt it all by missing a penalty!

THE hard grounds and hot weather made players go gingerly, but there were many injuries, fortunately very serious. Springfield, Gateshead left-back, was scarred off on a stretcher. Jones and Morris, the Birmingham forwards, left the field at Coventry, and Morley, the Charlton back, was taken to hospital with a leg injury.

In the case of Morley, a substitute was allowed, Tann, a reserve back, deputising. The rules of the Football Association permit substitutes except in a match played under the rules of competition. The arrangement must be agreed by both teams before the start. But, that was a mix-up here, a real comedy of numbers. Tann caused some confusion by wearing the same No. 4 as Turner, right-half, who moved to right-back.

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S HOCKS in the Test—pleasant ones for some people. Tall, loose-limbed dusky Johnson playing for the West Indies in his first Test got a wicket with his first ball, when he had Keeton play on.

Johnson began the tour with similar success, for with the first ball he sent down he captured a wicket at Worcester. What a happy way to start a tour—and what a happy way to kick off a Test career!

T WAS also a great day for Oldfield. He, too, was making his first appearance in a Test, and he pulled England out of a nasty hole by scoring 80. Pity he couldn't have made it a century.

When Keeton went the score was 2 for 13 when the next wicket fell. The scoreboard said 132. Hutton and Oldfield did that. Good old Yorkshire and Lancashire. They breed the right stuff up there.

We got no more than 36 in the first 50 minutes, but after that the runs came fluently. Hutton was his usual self—that is to say, he was the complete Test player, and it was Johnson who got him when he had made 73.

Hooper's Penalty Save In Vain

TOTTENHAM 0 ARSENAL 1

CHAGRIN WAS THE PORTION OF HOOPER IN THE TOTTENHAM GOAL. FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER THE INTERVAL HE SUFFERED A FACIAL INJURY IN GOING FULL LENGTH TO SAVE A PENALTY KICK BY KIRCHEN. IT WAS ALL IN VAIN, FOR FIVE MINUTES LATER DRURY SCORED THE ONLY GOAL FOR ARSENAL FROM A PASS BY LEWIS.

Arsenal had fewer chances but were more accurate, and Hooper had a busy afternoon. Two first-half saves from Nelson and Bryn Jones were particularly brilliant efforts.

Tottenham forced the pace in the early stages. Harrop saved from Dix under the bar and Hall sent a dangerous one on the left. Dix and Lyman combined cleverly.

The incident leading up to Arsenal's penalty kick began when Lewis brilliantly worked his way through the Spurs line, but was brought down.

Arsenal resumed the attack immediately after Hooper had suffered Kirchen's kick, and the opportunism of Drury settled the issue.

ALDERSHOT 3, READING 5

Bright football and plenty of goals at Aldershot. Chalmers being the home hero with his hat-trick.

Heading were quicker on the ball, but Aldershot were more brilliant in attack and forced the visitors to concede a number of corners, but the visitors' defence was the side on at least two occasions.

Near the interval Chalmers scored for Aldershot from an acute angle, and Bell missed an open goal later.

At 10 to 11 in the second half Chitty put Reading on terms, and a mistake by Summerbee gave an easy goal.

After 70 minutes Ray passed to Chalmers, who scored a grand goal to level the scores. Five minutes later Chalmers completed his hat-trick with a perfect goal.

Reading rallied towards the end, and McCarthy scored with the last kick of the game from Smallwood's centre.



JOHNSON'S BIG MOMENT—HE BOWLS KEETON.

HAMMOND and Compton played below and behind them their full spells had the crowd restless. In fact, it would have been a very dull afternoon had it not been for Hardstaff.

The one bright spot was the manner in which Hammond was caught. Grant, at short leg, dived forward and took the ball with outstretched arms.

After the skipper went, the run-getting was left to Hardstaff, and he did a marvellous job, ending. Hardstaff completed the third hundred on the board at the rate of a run a minute despite good bowling and keen fielding by the West Indies.

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